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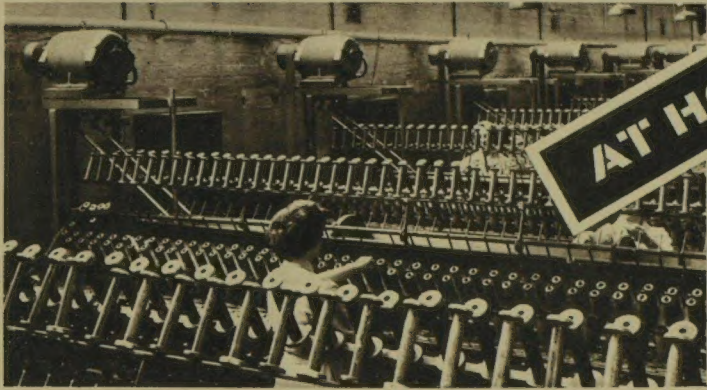
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Power FOR industry (right). Britain's ever-growing need for electrical energy is being met by more and still more power stations: output of current is already 76% above 1948, and today's total generating capacity will be nearly doubled in ten years. ENGLISH ELECTRIC supplies much of the plant for these new power stations. Shown here are four ENGLISH ELECTRIC 45,500-h.p. water-turbine generating sets installed at one of the fifteen power stations of the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board for which ENGLISH ELECTRIC generating plant has been supplied or is on order. At the underground power station at Clachlan the largest water-turbine generating set in Great Britain, of 56,000 h.p., is in operation.

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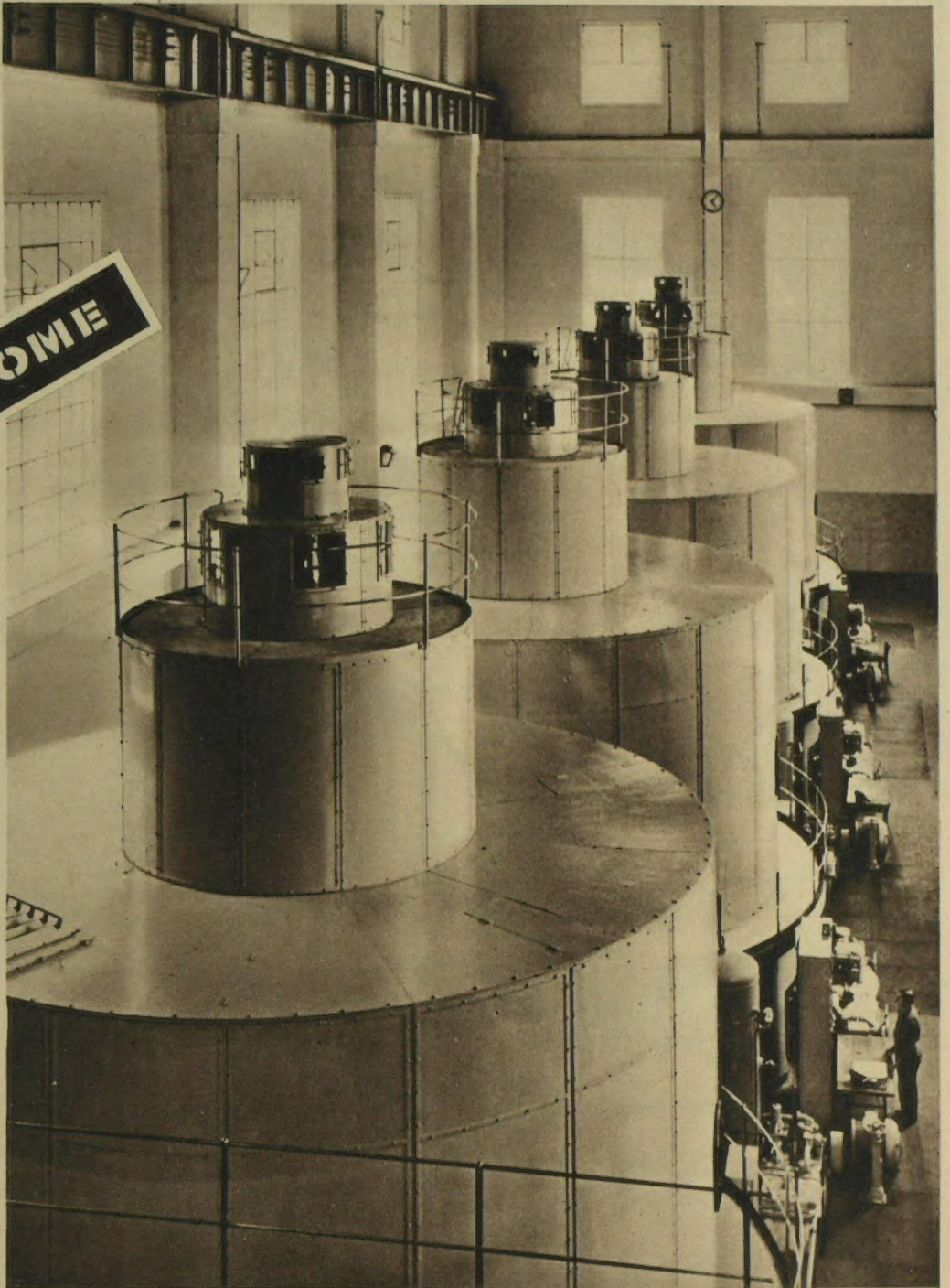
From 1949 to 1955, our total industrial output rose by 27%, and the value of our vital exports by 58%. But still higher production, still more export activity, are needed to ensure *still better living for Britain*. In both these ways, ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing its full part.

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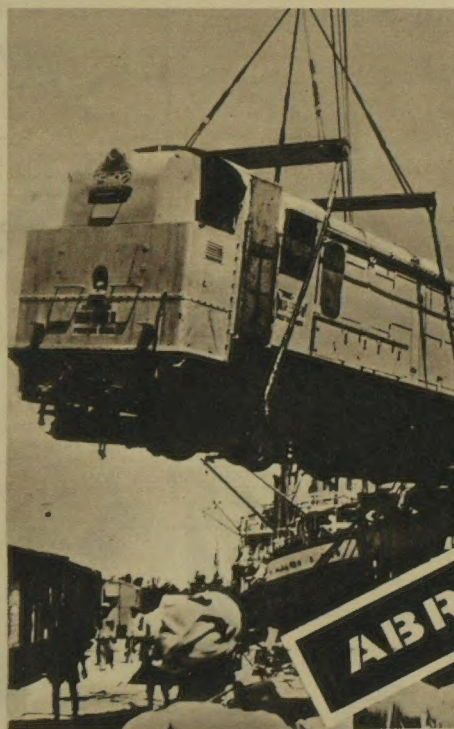
In addition it is itself a vigorous and successful exporter; *about half the Group's business is overseas*, earning foreign currency for Britain.

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Earning currency (left). One of twenty 350-h.p. diesel-electric shunting locomotives built by ENGLISH ELECTRIC for the Malayan Railways is unloaded at Port Swettenham. A further order for twenty 1,500-h.p. main-line diesel-electric locomotives has recently been received. ENGLISH ELECTRIC railway equipment is serving 30 countries all over the world—just one aspect of this Company's important export activities.



In Spain (below), hydro-electric resources are being intensively developed. Among several power stations for which ENGLISH ELECTRIC has supplied equipment is that at Salime, where these four 132-kV step-up transformers have been installed. ENGLISH ELECTRIC also supplied the four 44,000-h.p. water-turbine generating sets and air-blast switchgear for this station.

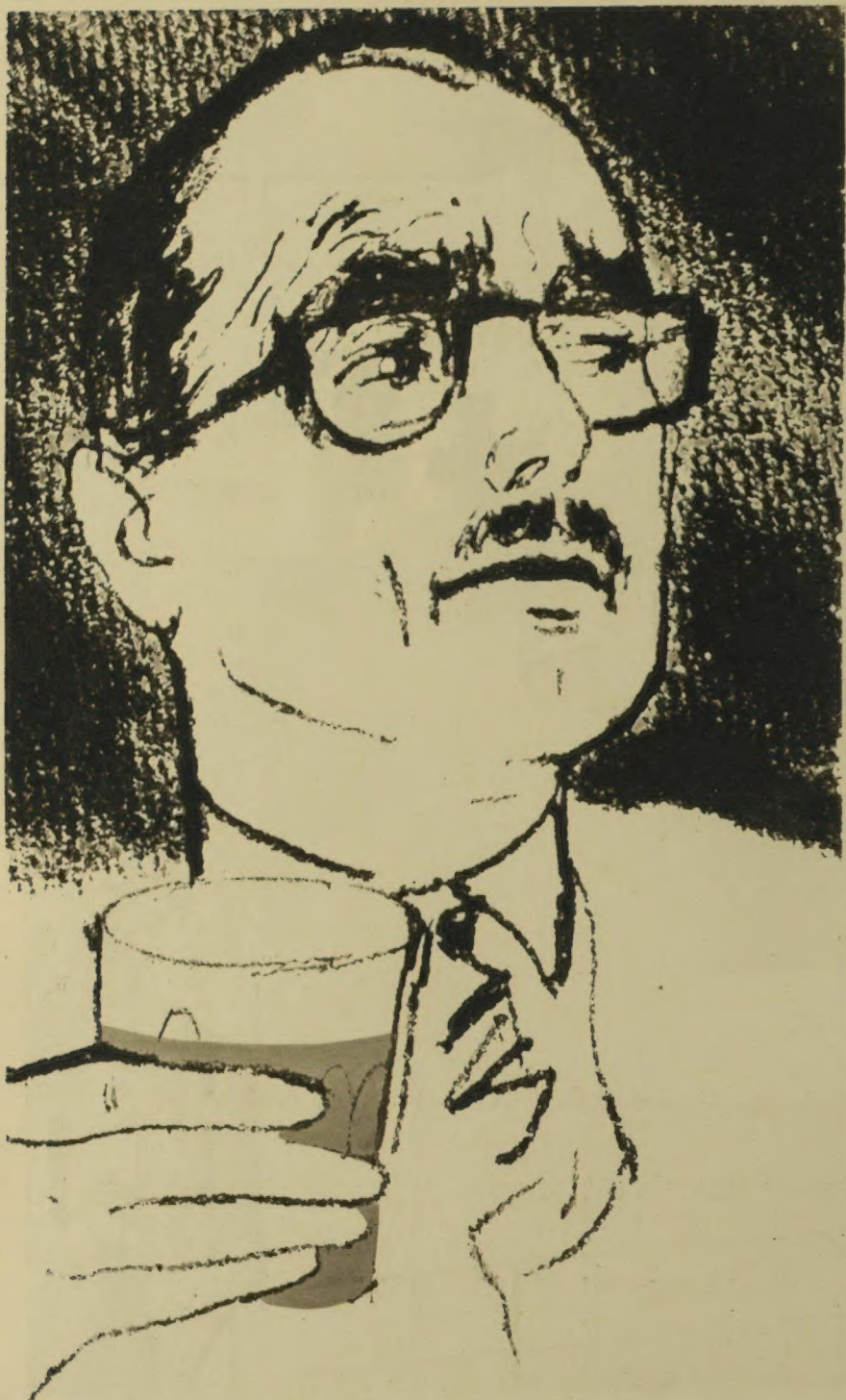


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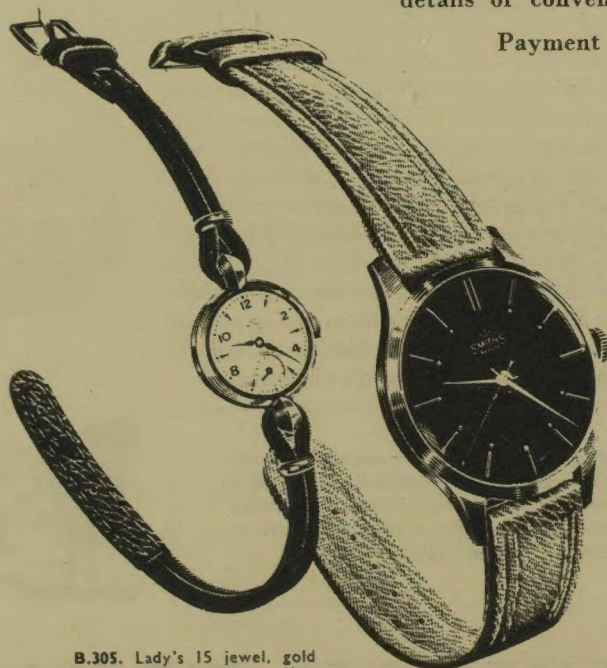
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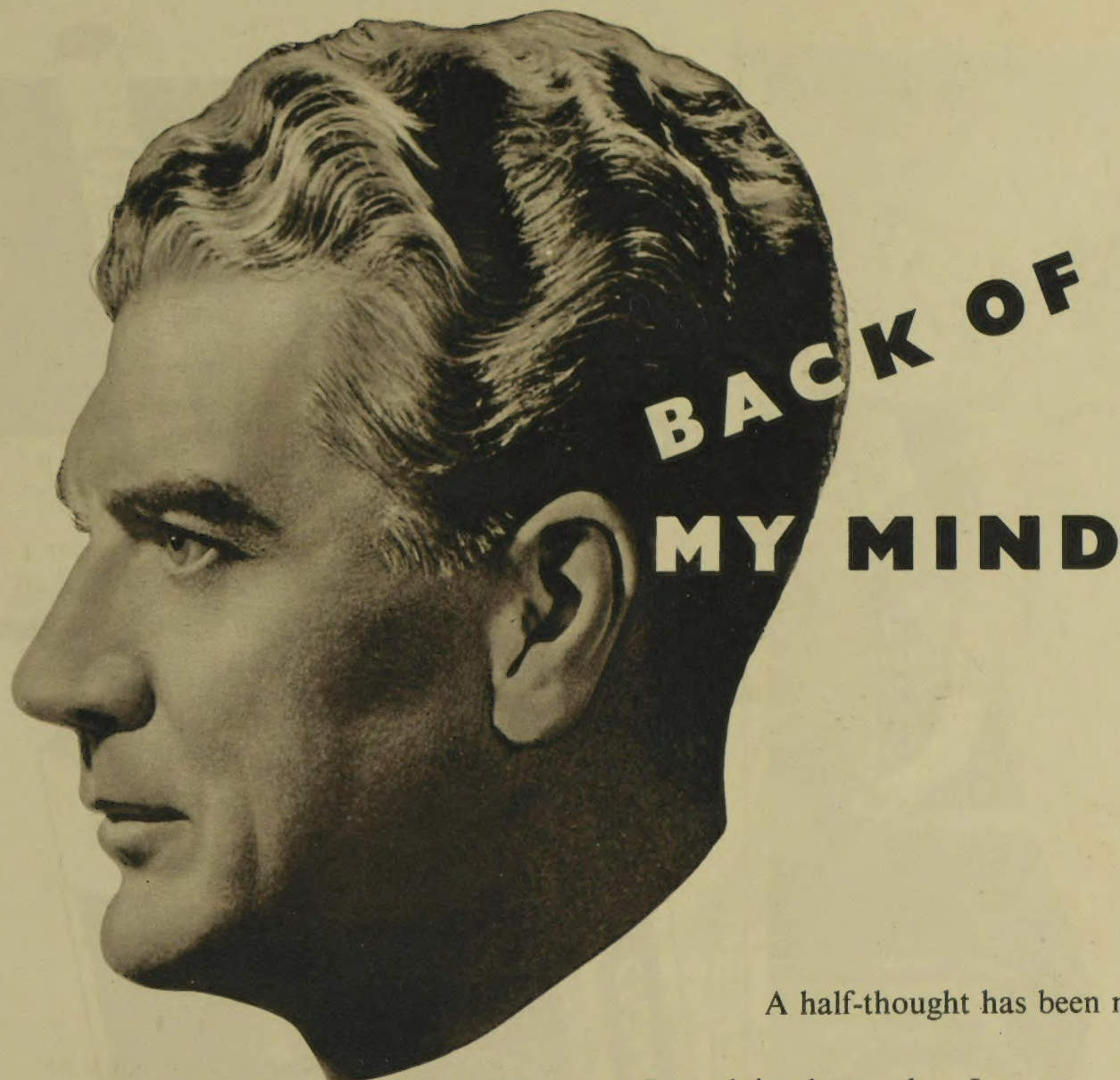
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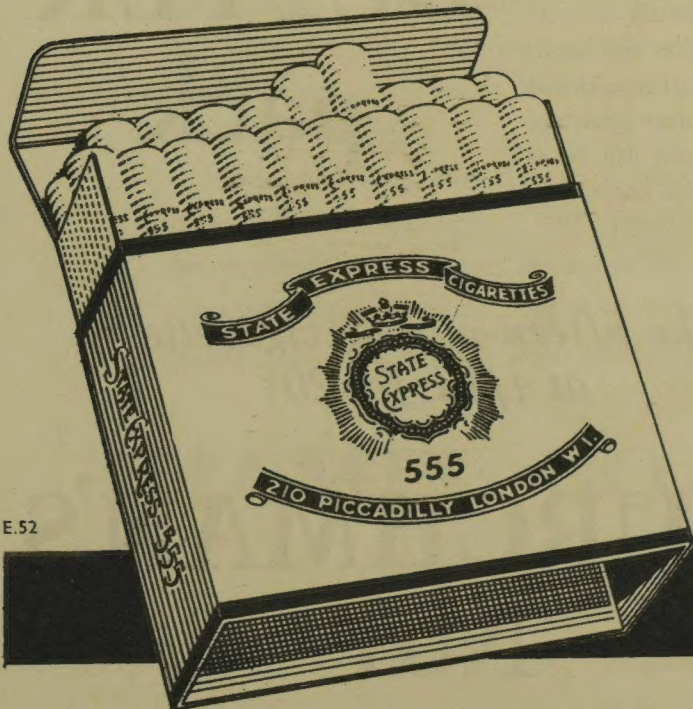
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USE SILENCE as a burglar alarm? The Japanese did. They kept caged crickets to protect their valuables by night. If a stranger entered the house, the cricket stopped chirping, and the sudden silence awoke the householder. A charming notion, but a pretty tenuous protection.

Modern protection strikes a more practical note. Take packaging for example. Here the products of Thames Board Mills give really substantial protection. That is why so many goods that are milled and processed, bought

and sold, stored and used in these islands, are packed in "Fiberite" cases or in cartons made from "Thames Board". For this protection is sure and solid, proved beyond doubt.

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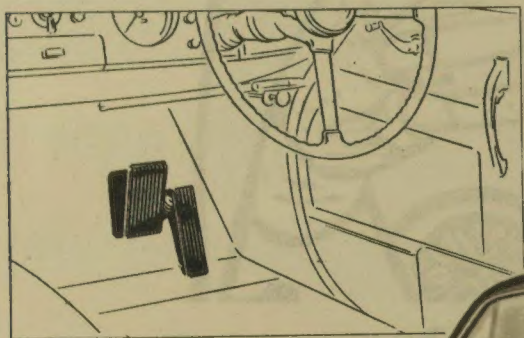
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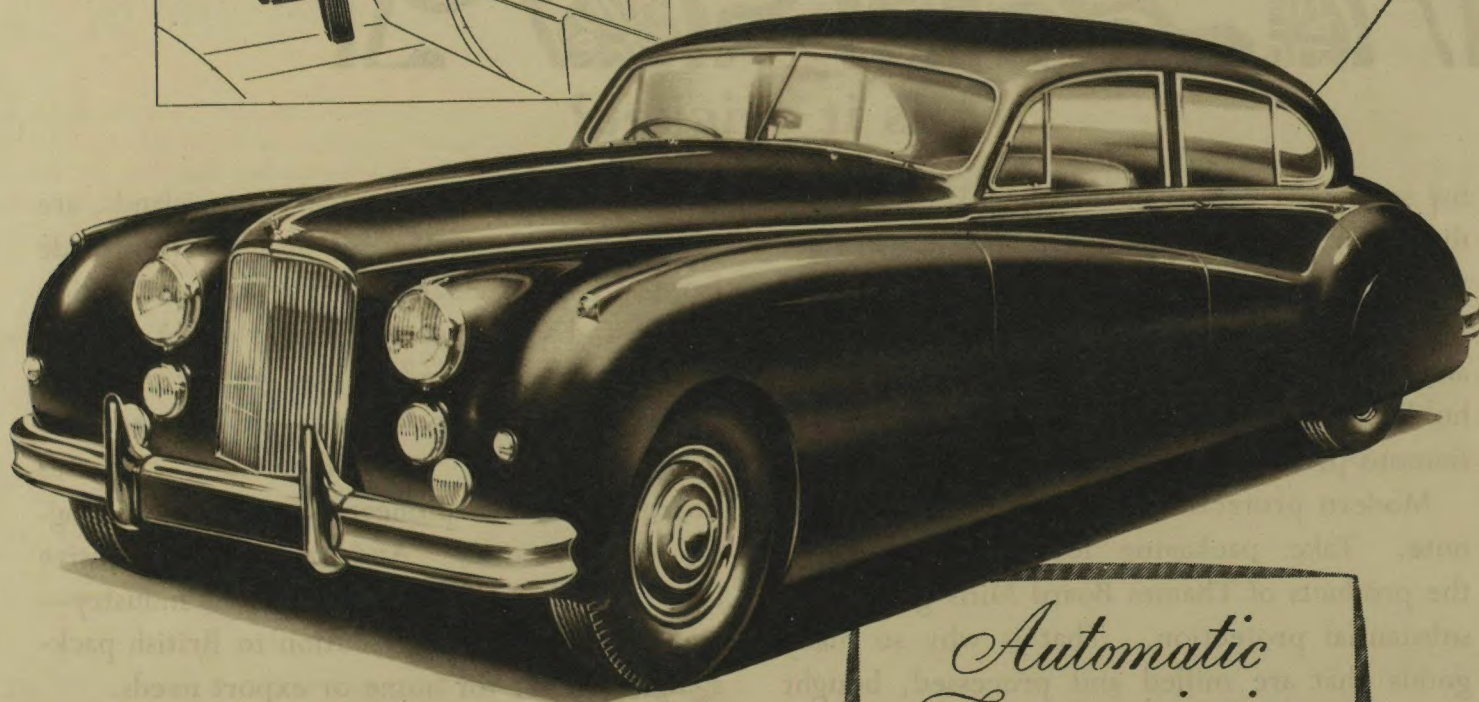
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Shell Nature Studies 18 MINERALS

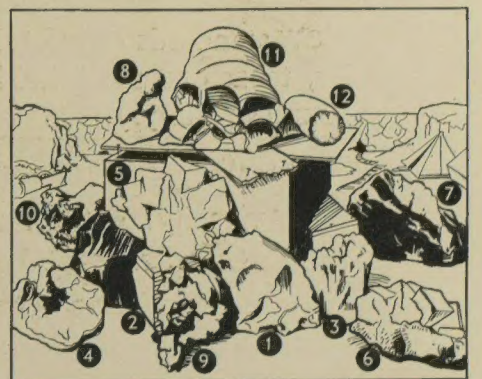
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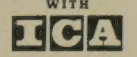
Minerals are literally substances dug from the earth by mining. FLINT (1) was the first substance mined in England 4,000 years ago, by New Stone Age miners in Norfolk, Wiltshire and Sussex. It gave man his first sharp axes for clearing the forests. Early man also fancied JET (2), a hard mineralized wood. Yorkshire jet was used for jewellery from prehistoric to Victorian times.

AMETHYST (3), and POTATO-STONES (4), fascinating when you break them and find the crystals inside, are two varieties of quartz. Cubes of FLUORSPAR (5 and 6) build up in delightful tints. Visitors to the Lizard in Cornwall know the polished ashtrays and model lighthouses cut from SERPENTINE (7).

Ores are worth searching for on old mine dumps. Cornish dumps may yield heavy scraps of CASSITERITE or TIN-STONE (8). GALENA, the commonest ore of lead, occurs sometimes with zinc ore (9), sometimes with barytes or "cawk", as they call it in Derbyshire (10). KIDNEY ORE (11) is an unmistakable form of iron ore. "THUNDERBOLTS" (12), which you can pick out of chalk cliffs and quarries and admire for their radiating structure, are a form of iron sulphide or pyrites.

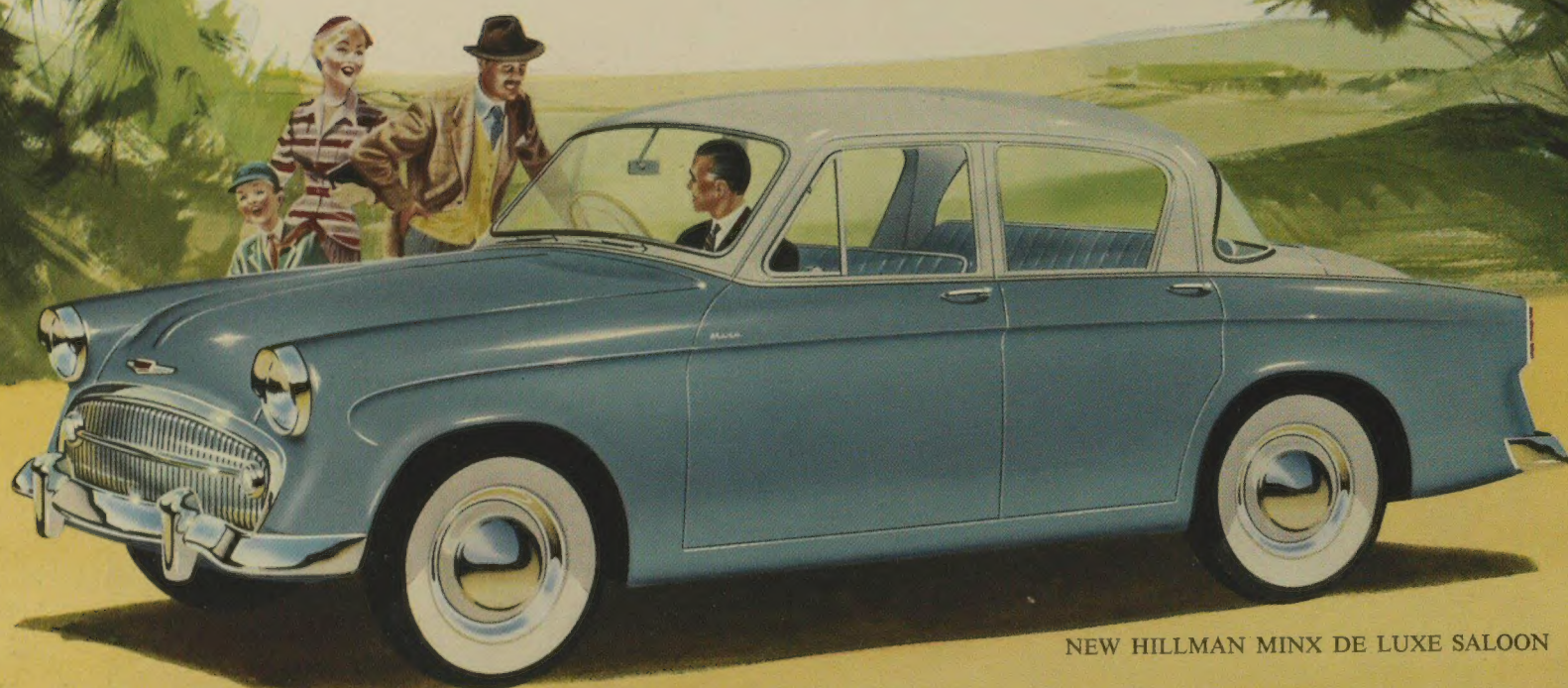


Shell's monthly "Nature Studies: Birds and Beasts", which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form by Phoenix House Limited at 7s. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside" is still available at 6s. 6d. On sale at booksellers.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1956.



THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL IN STOCKHOLM FOR HER STATE VISIT: HER MAJESTY BEING WELCOMED BY KING GUSTAF OF SWEDEN AS SHE STEPPED ASHORE FROM THE ROYAL BARGE, FOLLOWED BY THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

Her Majesty the Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, arrived in Stockholm just after noon on June 8 at the beginning of her three-day State visit. The Royal visitors, accompanied by Prince Bertil, were rowed from *Britannia's* anchorage to the landing pontoon in the Royal Barge, which

was manned by Swedish sailors pulling on blue oars. As the Queen and Duke stepped ashore they were welcomed by King Gustaf of Sweden and Queen Louise. Near by were other members of the Swedish Royal family, including the ten-year-old Crown Prince Carl Gustaf.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

SELDOM in the history of rodents can so few animals have given so much pleasure to so many humans as the Belgian hares and rabbits in the little enclosed glade under the waterfall in Hyde Park. There seem to be only about a dozen of them, but they are nearly always on view. They appear to be of the large, resplendent variety which indulgent parents sometimes buy for their children and which during the late war far-sighted householders used to keep in special hutches in their gardens for eating on great occasions. I remember with what hungry looks the driver of the car that used occasionally to take my wife and me to dine in a friend's house in the outskirts of London used to regard two such that lived in his garden. We are all now much better fed than we were during the war, and probably few of those who lean over the iron railings in the Park watching the hares and rabbits do so with any wish to eat them. In fact, I am told that the new wage-earning, and possessing, classes take a very dim view of such animals in the dinner-pot and do not at all grieve at the disappearance of so many of them in the great myxomatosis plague. Whether these particular specimens in the Park have had the disease and have recovered, or are immune to it by virtue of their superior and princely breed or species, or have been specially inoculated against it, I do not know. I have an uneasy feeling that one would probably be snubbed by any perambulating authority one were to ask. For one of the paradoxical consequences of the advance of democracy and the extension of public ownership is that nearly everywhere one goes the people's paid servants have become far haughtier and less communicative to casual questioners than they used to be in the past. Why this should be so I am at a loss to explain, but I have been very much struck by their resemblance to-day to the less accommodating kind of nanny. Probably, if one only knew it, these animals, being public property, are themselves proud beasts. Certainly, they stamp their feet at one another and treat the public on the far side of the railings, and even the public's dogs, with the utmost disdain. There are usually two or three of the latter hurrying up and down the path to the east of the enclosure, sniffing the air hopefully as they do so and occasionally barking in the direction of these unattainable, fenced-in and now rare and precious animals. Others of their species, realising that nothing can come of this display of profitless enthusiasm but loss of dignity, studiously refrain from looking at the tempting creatures at all. But whatever they do, the hares and rabbits, their natural prey, continue to have the last word and go on nibbling the grass haughtily almost under the noses of their hunters. In fact, they behave rather like the prouder young ladies in telephone exchanges when some irascible and unreasonable member of the public grows resentful at the lack of attention being paid him. They take no notice whatever. They merely go on eating what the public throws them or, in default, the public grass.

Incidentally, their treatment of the grass makes one realise why farmers take such a hostile, not to say murderous, view of these pretty, fluffy and supposedly innocuous animals. They do not merely eat it, but, as one can see for oneself by studying nature across the railings, continually scrabble it up with their feet, and the top-soil under it too. In fact, on their small scale, they create soil erosion almost as effectively as a bulldozer. Left to themselves, to breed and scratch and burrow, these few animals should be able to turn the whole dell into a dust-bowl in a decade. They can also be observed nibbling small trees and plants as they graze their otherwise rather purposeless way across the lawns. Having, until myxomatosis relieved me of them, been, at law the owner, and in practice the reluctant maintainer, of several thousands of rabbits, my walks recently in Hyde Park have made me even more aware than before of what a lot of grass and saplings I must have lost in the way of rabbits' dinner. Looking at their kind, however,

though an undeniably avaricious man, I find it hard to grudge it them. Whatever their depredations and morals—and one hears it said that these last are deplorable—there is no gainsaying that they are disarmingly pretty. One needs to be a much tougher farmer and landowner than I to wish to see them afflicted by myxomatosis or even painlessly gassed by the local rodent officer. Being gainfully interested in milk-yields and an ardent planter of little trees, I cannot help wishing them away, yet, faced by one of those endearingly furry and twitching noses, I could never personally do it an injury. An unsporting creature, I have never enjoyed shooting them; perhaps it was the fatal and enervating result of reading "Peter Rabbit" as a small boy. If only they showed even the slightest fight, one might feel differently about them. But who was ever attacked by a rabbit or a hare? The poor things merely twitch their noses at one, turn round, and run away. All the harm they ever do is in eating and making love. According to statisticians these two activities of theirs cost the public millions, and I can well believe it!

My dog *Jimmy* was a great destroyer of rabbits in his day. But, though still alive, his day, alas, from a sporting point of view, has long been over. It must be three years, at least, since he last caught one and almost as long since he ran after one. Since he has grown old and feeble, he has ignored their scent on his slow, stiff, deliberate walks, and made not the slightest attempt to follow their trail.

The coming of myxomatosis, which would otherwise have been a great grief to him, has thus passed unnoticed. He has never so much as commented on it. As long as the pot is filled with other game—and I am glad to say that, despite the rise in the price of living, his master has so far contrived to keep it so—he makes no complaint. He apparently no more wishes to eat rabbit now than in his hey-day he wished to eat rat. Chicken is good enough, or, at Christmas, a little bit of turkey. Butcher's meat, alas, is now forbidden to him, but in his extreme old age he has developed an oriental taste and become exceedingly partial to rice cooked in gravy. In fact,

while waiting for it, he often looks at me through half-closed slanting eyes like a Chinese. For one thing that the years have not taken from my old companion is appetite. Having little else to think of, he clearly gives the subject of food a great deal of thought, and often leaves the bed, on which he spends most his time nowadays, to sit at the top of the stairs looking meaningfully at a small kitchen on the landing just below, where at recognised intervals throughout the day small meals are cooked for him. It is a great grief to his human custodians and servants, and an even greater grief to him, that large feasts are no longer possible for him, as, if he indulges his appetite to the full, he is unable to keep what he has eaten down. Not that this seems to worry him much, for whatever he throws up he immediately seeks to consume again. But the consensus of medical opinion is against him in forbidding him this practice, and so he has to content himself with what he can carry administered in small, but mercifully frequent, portions.

He also, I am glad to say, still enjoys a good smell. In fact, I doubt if any old dog in London enjoys one more. He can only just toddle across the road into the Park. But once there, though only on the outer fringe of it, he likes to stay a long time, carefully savouring a smell that probably in his younger days he would have scampered by unheeding as he joyously pursued his fellow kind. He lingers over it rather as some very eminent judge of fine vintages lingers over his 1920 or 1927 port. The pleasures of the old are very precious things and, one likes to think, are a foretaste of a happier world to come. Heaven, it has been said, lies about in our infancy, but I like to think it lies about us in our age too. The gallantry of the very old seems to me a certain assurance of it.



IN THE LITTLE ENCLOSED GLADE UNDER THE WATERFALL IN HYDE PARK: SOME OF THE BELGIAN HARES AND RABBITS OF WHICH SIR ARTHUR BRYANT SAYS "SELDOM IN THE HISTORY OF RODENTS CAN SO FEW ANIMALS HAVE GIVEN SO MUCH PLEASURE TO SO MANY HUMANS."



ON A BALCONY OF THE ROYAL PALACE: (L. TO R.) QUEEN LOUISE, LORD MOUNTBATTEN, PRINCESS SIBYLLA AND THE CROWN PRINCE, PRINCE BERTIL, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, H.M. THE QUEEN, KING GUSTAF, PRINCESS DESIREE, PRINCESS CHRISTINA, PRINCESS BIRGITTA AND PRINCESS MARGARETHA.



THE SCENE FROM THE BALCONY: PART OF THE HUGE CROWD WHICH GATHERED OUTSIDE THE ROYAL PALACE AND REPEATEDLY CALLED FOR THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH AND FOR THE SWEDISH ROYAL FAMILY AND GAVE THEM A TUMULTUOUS OVATION.

STOCKHOLM'S GREAT WELCOME TO THE QUEEN: SCENES DURING HER MAJESTY'S APPEARANCE ON THE PALACE BALCONY.

After taking luncheon at the Royal Palace in Stockholm on June 8, the first day of the State visit, the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh held a diplomatic reception, and later the Duke attended a reception at the Swedish Chamber of Commerce. In the evening the Royal visitors attended a State banquet held in her Majesty's honour at the Royal Palace by King Gustaf and Queen Louise. Before the banquet the members of the Royal party listened from a balcony to singing by members of two massed choirs. A vast crowd, numbering many thousands, filled the roads and open spaces

around the Palace and cheered to the echo when the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh appeared on the balcony. Again and again the Royal visitors were brought back to the balcony by cheers and insistent shouts from the crowd, and in response to a chant of "We want them all" they appeared yet again with members of the Swedish Royal family, including the ten-year-old Crown Prince Carl Gustaf, whose head can be seen appearing only just above the top of the balcony. At the banquet the Queen spoke of the warm welcome accorded her by the people of Stockholm.

THE QUEEN IN STOCKHOLM: SCENES AND AT THE INAUGURATION OF



WATCHED BY LARGE CROWDS: THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE ARRIVING IN THE ROYAL BARGE FOR A LUNCHEON AT THE CITY HALL.



DRIVING TO THE ROYAL PALACE: THE QUEEN SEATED NEXT TO KING GUSTAF IN AN OPEN CARRIAGE SHORTLY AFTER HER ARRIVAL IN STOCKHOLM.

EXCEPT for one thunderstorm the sun shone during the State visit which the Queen paid to Stockholm from June 8 to June 10. Incidents during the visit, which was not only a colourful State occasion, but a family reunion (the Queen of Sweden is the Duke of Edinburgh's aunt), are shown on these and previous pages. On the second day the Queen and the Duke were entertained to luncheon by the City of Stockholm at the City Hall and also fulfilled many other public engagements, during which they saw many parts of Stockholm and some of its institutions. In the evening the Queen and the Duke, accompanied by King Gustaf, Queen Louise and other members of the Swedish Royal family, attended a gala performance at the Royal Opera House. At the back of the Royal box sat the three young Princesses, daughters of Princess Sibylla and sisters of the little Crown Prince, with their uncle, Prince Bertil. On Sunday, June 10, which was the Duke of Edinburgh's thirty-fifth birthday, the Queen and the Duke attended morning service at the English Church in Stockholm. After luncheon with the British Ambassador at his residence, the Queen rode in a State



AFTER THE ROYAL ARRIVAL: THE GLITTERING SCENE AT THE START OF THE STATE DRIVE THROUGH STOCKHOLM TO THE ROYAL PALACE.



AT THE GALA PERFORMANCE IN THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE: THE ROYAL PARTY (L. TO R., FRONT ROW), PRINCESS SIBYLLA, KING GUSTAF, THE QUEEN, THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, QUEEN LOUISE AND PRINCE WILHELM.



ACCOMPANIED BY KING GUSTAF, THE QUEEN VISITING A COTTAGE AT ANGBY, A SUBURB OF STOCKHOLM, WHICH WAS BUILT BY THE OWNER UNDER A SCHEME OF STATE ASSISTANCE FOR PEOPLE OF SMALL MEANS.

DURING THE THREE-DAY STATE VISIT THE OLYMPIC EQUESTRIAN GAMES.



ON KING GUSTAF'S ARM: THE QUEEN GOING INTO THE STATE BANQUETING HALL IN THE PALACE FOLLOWED BY QUEEN LOUISE AND THE DUKE.



AT THE INAUGURATION OF THE OLYMPIC EQUESTRIAN GAMES: RIDERS BEARING THE HUGE WHITE OLYMPIC FLAG INTO THE STADIUM. THE QUEEN AND KING GUSTAF DROVE INTO THE STADIUM IN AN OPEN CARRIAGE.



(Continued.) carriage with King Gustaf to the opening of the Olympic equestrian games. The King of Sweden declared the games open and the Queen was the guest of honour. An untoward incident marked the beginning of the ride past the Royal box when Mr. W. Steinkraus, captain of the U.S. show jumping team, had some trouble with his horse Night Owl, which objected to the martial music and threw him. The formal State visit ended in the evening with a State dinner given by the Queen in the dining saloon of the Royal yacht Briannia for the King and Queen of Sweden and other members of the Swedish Royal family. The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were to remain in Stockholm for the rest of the week, as private visitors, to attend the equestrian games, in which the Queen's horse Counryman is competing with the British team. Princess Margaret and the Duke of Gloucester flew to Stockholm on June 11 to join the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh.

(LEFT.) IN THE ROYAL PALACE ON THE EVENING OF THE QUEEN'S ARRIVAL: THE SCENE AS KING GUSTAF ESCORTED THE QUEEN INTO THE BANQUETING HALL.



HAVING SOME TROUBLE WITH HIS HORSE: THE CAPTAIN OF THE U.S. SHOW-JUMPING TEAM ON NIGHT OWL DURING THE PARADE OF COMPETITORS IN THE OLYMPIC STADIUM.



AFTER HIS HORSE HAD SHIED AND THROWN HIM: MR. W. STEINKRAUS QUIETENING NIGHT OWL WHICH HE THEN REMOUNTED, TO THE SOUND OF CHEERS FROM THE LARGE AUDIENCE IN THE STADIUM.

NEWS FROM SALT WATER AND FRESH; AND THE REVISED NEW U.S. EMBASSY.



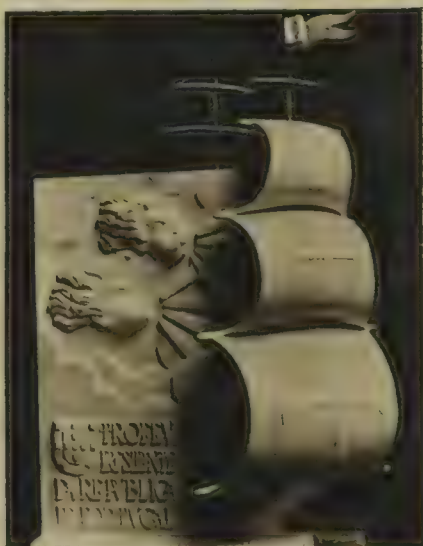
THE NEW *JOHN BISCOE*, AWAITING LAUNCHING ON JUNE 11. SHE IS TO REPLACE THE FORMER ROYAL RESEARCH SHIP, WHICH RETURNED ON JUNE 9. The new *John Biscoe*, built at Paisley by Fleming and Ferguson, is of 2250 tons, the old *John Biscoe* (890 tons) being now inadequate for Antarctic supply.



NOW TO BE CLOSED DOWN: SCAPA FLOW, THE FAMOUS NAVAL BASE IN THE ORKNEYS, SHOWING ONE OF THE FORMER DEFENCE BOOMS. In 1914 Scapa Flow was chosen as a base for the Grand Fleet and it was there that the German Fleet was scuttled in 1919. On June 7 the decision to close down the base was announced by the Admiralty.



THE REVISED MODEL FOR THE U.S. EMBASSY IN LONDON AND ITS ARCHITECT. This revised plan, the chief new feature of which is the raised and recessed ground floor, is the work of Mr. Eero Saarinen, the well-known U.S. architect.



FOR THE WINNER IN THE TORBAY-LISBON SAILING RACE: THE PRESIDENT OF PORTUGAL'S BRONZE TROPHY.



THE END OF A VETERAN: THE FORMER U.S. BATTLESHIP *OREGON*, ANCHORED AT TOKYO, WHERE SHE IS SHORTLY TO BE SCRAPPED. The U.S.S. *Oregon* served in the Spanish-American War; and was flagship of the Pacific Fleet in World War I; finally serving as an ammunition barge in World War II before ending up as a breakwater at Guam.



THE NEW ETON COLLEGE SWIMMING BATH, SHORTLY TO BE OPENED. SITUATED IN "MESOPOTAMIA," IT HAS AN HOUR-GLASS SHAPE, WITH TWO BASINS, CONNECTED BY A CHANNEL, ONE FOR UPPER SCHOOL, THE OTHER FOR LOWER BOYS.



THE LAST NIGHT OF THE CAMBRIDGE MAY RACES ON JUNE 9: JESUS COLLEGE, WHO RETAINED THE HEADSHIP. TRINITY HALL GAINED ONE PLACE TO FINISH SECOND; AND QUEENS' COLLEGE FIRST BOOT MADE TWO BUMPS TO FINISH THIRD IN THE FOUR DAYS' RACING.



FROM OXFORD TO WESTMINSTER BY CANOE AFTER 39 HOURS 5 MINS. OF CONTINUOUS PADDLING: *POCOHONTAS* AT WESTMINSTER BRIDGE WITH THE THREE OXFORD UNDERGRADUATES (L. TO R.) E. DE BONO (MALTA), PERRY CURTIS (U.S.A.) AND M. EATON (ENGLAND).

CEREMONIAL, RELIGIOUS, AND STATE OCCASIONS; AND THE OAKS WINNER.



(ABOVE.) MARSHAL TITO IN MOSCOW: THE PRESIDENT OF YUGOSLAVIA (CENTRE) WITH HIS WIFE AND (ON HIS LEFT) MR. KHRUSHCHEV AND MARSHAL BULGANIN. Marshal Tito, President of Yugoslavia, arrived in Moscow on June 2 for a three-week State visit. It is his first visit since his expulsion from the Cominform in 1948. Marshal Tito received an almost triumphal welcome from Soviet officials and the public. He is spending ten days of his visit in Russian provincial centres but is to return to Moscow for further talks before leaving for Belgrade on June 23. When Marshal Tito visited the Lenin-Stalin mausoleum in Moscow's Red Square he laid a wreath on Lenin's tomb, but did not pause at Stalin's.



DURING AN OFFICIAL VISIT TO HOLLAND: THE GRAND DUCHESS CHARLOTTE OF LUXEMBOURG, WITH QUEEN JULIANA, INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR. The Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg arrived in Holland on June 5 for a State visit which lasted until June 8. The Grand Duchess was welcomed by Queen Juliana of the Netherlands, who can be seen with her in this photograph, which was taken in Amsterdam.



(RIGHT.) DIVINE SERVICE BESIDE MAYFLOWER II, THE REPLICA OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS' SHIP WHICH IS NOW BEING BUILT IN A BRIXHAM SHIPYARD, TO CROSS THE ATLANTIC THIS SUMMER.

On June 10, the Rev. H. T. Yeomans, the Vicar of Brixham, conducted a service beside *Mayflower II*, which is now under construction. The lectern from which the vicar is conducting the service will be in the ship when she makes her crossing to America later in the year.



IN THE UNSADDLING ENCLOSURE: MME. L. VOLTERRA WITH SICARELLE, WINNER OF THE OAKS. FRENCH HORSES TOOK THE FIRST THREE PLACES. After taking the first two places in the Derby, and also the Coronation Cup, the French victory at this year's Epsom summer meeting was complete when Mme. L. Volterra's *Sicarelle*, the favourite, won the Oaks. Four out of the first five places, including the first three, were taken by French fillies.



A STATE VISIT TO FRANCE: KING PAUL OF THE HELLENES AND QUEEN FREDERIKA WITH PRINCESS SOPHIA (LEFT CENTRE) AND M. CHRISTIAN PINEAU, THE FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, AT A RECEPTION WHICH WAS GIVEN IN THEIR HONOUR ON JUNE 6 AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY.

A FORGOTTEN ENGLISH GARDENER RECALLED.

"GARDENER TO QUEEN ANNE. HENRY WISE (1653-1738) AND THE FORMAL GARDEN" By DAVID GREEN.

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

EVERY now and then some "Person of Importance in his Day" (to use Browning's phrase) is restored to "the map" from which he has long disappeared. People want to write books, and of every "Six Authors in Search of a Character," one is likely to come across a forgotten worthy deserving of exhumation, if he is industrious enough in his researches. Mr. Green has dug up the Great Gardener, Wise. Wise was obliterated, in memory, by Capability Brown and his congeners, who went in for landscape gardening, with its excavating of dales, erection of hills, planting of avenues, damming of rivers into lakes, and even positioning of Gothic ruins. His subject came to him by accident. He was writing a book about Blenheim:

It was while reading the Marlborough manuscripts in the British Museum, and in the most properly guarded Muniment Room at Blenheim where some years ago I was first granted the privilege of studying, that I found myself drawn to Henry Wise and decided, when time allowed, to follow him farther.

Such alluring phrases as

For the Gardening and Plantations I am at ease, being very sure that Mr. Wise will be diligent.

and

I have taken such Care of raising from Seeds Nuts and Berrys such Numbers of Plants that I hope Your Grace will not lose time in deciding upon their disposition...

The clue that Mr. Green found at Blenheim, led him into several counties, several great houses, and some Royal palaces. His researches have resulted in the unveiling of one of the greatest garden-planners of all time, and one whose success, in his own time, was vouched by his acquisition of Warwick Priory, a Coat-of-Arms, and £100,000, which he bequeathed. There are remains of his work, overgrown, at Hampton Court, Melbourne and elsewhere. I hate saying it, but I am glad that they are overgrown.

This book has been written in a very scholarly manner, and Mr. Green is so persuasive that, at moments, I have been tempted to regret, with him, the disappearance of almost all of Wise's tremendous arboricultural and horticultural diagrams, which extended so well the diagrammatic designs of the architects of the time. But, in retrospect, I find myself utterly unable to conform. The French at that time—Louis XIV as monarch and Le Nôtre as the gardener—wanted to drill all nature; or, in other words, to abolish Nature. The Dutch, at that time, as always, were trim and tidy. But the formulas suit neither Nature nor the English character. Imagine Shakespeare or Chaucer in a full-bottomed wig! Imagine Perdita, in "Twelfth Night," saying instead of the enchanting things which she did say:

Oh for a trim rectangular parterre
Lobelias and calceolarias on the verge,
And, in the midst, well-ranged other plants,
According to the season, And our good
Officials from the watching Office o' Works
Will see to that, in ordered rank and file
Geraniums, well tailored, with red coats
Matching the tunics of the red-coat Guards.

Wise and his kindred were extraordinarily ingenious geometrical designers, and very able

planters and transplanters on a wholesale scale, but the work of the resident gardeners in charge of their creations must have been closely akin to that of barbers, so numerous were the little hedges to be constantly trimmed, so exacting the topiary spheres and cones which must have needed almost daily shaves.

Euclid may have approved of such gardening schemes, as may have the modern designers of patterns for linoleum, and the people who clip poodles into a sort of animal topiary. But for myself I like something, in a garden, of that "sweet disorder" which Herrick admired in dress, and which we can see in any attractive cottage-garden, or typical herbaceous border. "Disorder" can, of course, go so far as to cease to be "sweet," if it is accompanied by neglect. I have an example of that under my study window as I write; my little front garden, bordering on a Sussex village green, might well be thought to be going back to the jungle. There are no signs, as yet, of nettles, thistles or ragwort, let alone bracken, but the grass is plentiful, tall, and seeding. If Louis XIV, Le Nôtre and Wise, all in full-bottomed wigs, and accompanied by Queen Anne, were to reappear at my wicket-gate, they would die a second time in apoplectic fits. If the Ministry of Town and Country Planning begins to take an interest in the layout of private people's gardens as some local authorities do in those of Council Houses, I may be told that I must either plant

part of an acre, two car-loads of men, scowling, broad-shouldered, laconic, and clad in dark-blue suits, will arrive and I shall certainly be "for it."

I have a defence: though what good is a defence against the bureaucrats who tried to steal Criche Down and drove poor Mr. Pilgrim to suicide? I came into this place last December, with nothing visible in the front patch but a few bare rose-trees and the brown ruins of Michaelmas Daisies. I dared not get to work with the hoe or the fork because I simply didn't know what was in the ground "crown imperial, lilies of all kinds." So I thought it best to "let it rip" for just one season, which I am sure wouldn't appeal to the Whitehall OGPU. The result, so far, has been enchanting. I had no assurance that there was anything under the soil. But, after that bitter February, the crocuses came up, and the primroses, and the daffodils, and the narcissi, and then, in scores, the tulips with their feet embedded in groves of forget-me-nots. The tulips were not in rows, nor were they grouped according to colour, like regiments on Laffan's Plain. They popped up anywhere, of all colours and shapes. As I write they are just over. But they have been replaced by great bunches of pink (I wish they were red) poppies, of irises, and of azaleas, with a few scattered patches of Siberian Wallflower,

London Pride, and, prospectively, Love-in-the-Mist—or Nigella, if Mr. Clarence Elliott, my old friend, will have it so. We are still only half-way through June, and I haven't the faintest notion what may next appear. Michaelmas's Daisies certainly, though to me they are weeds. There may be dahlias, and there may be chrysanthemums (both unknown to Wise, who had a comprehensive knowledge of the flowers of his time); but I see no signs of delphiniums, hollyhocks or evening primroses, and, as for Canterbury Bells and Sweet Williams it seems evident that I shall have to put them in myself in order to have the cottage-garden I should like to have.

All that is obviously written out of sheer reaction. "Give me a Canterbury Bell and you can have Blenheim," is my response. At this moment, as I look across my flower-bedecked jungle

to the Green, I can assure the pin-striped pale-faces in Whitehall of two things: one is that I am happy as I am (in which that sort of person wouldn't be interested), and the other is that, My Dear Department, everything will be in order next year.

"In order" yes; but "in sweet disorder still," I hope.

At the end of the book there are reproductions from a manuscript-book of Henry Wise, in the possession of a descendant, giving a list of flowers which could be grown from February to September. There are hundreds of them; but the modern "Floral Year" goes on for twelve months, even in the wild.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 750 of this issue.



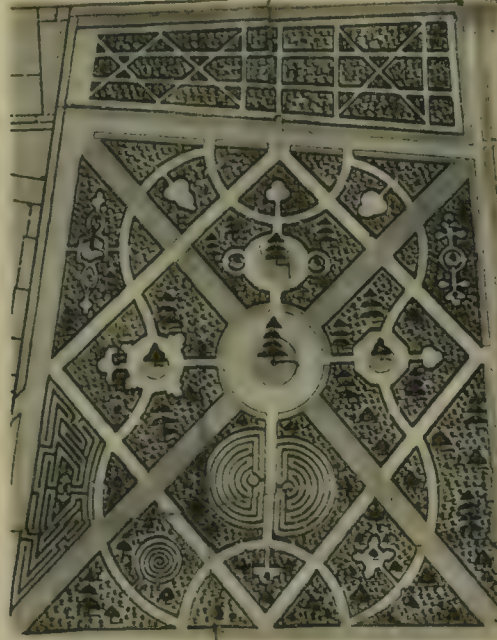
HENRY WISE (1653-1738): THE PORTRAIT BY KNELLER, WHICH IS NOW AT KEW PALACE.

Reproduced by gracious permission of her Majesty the Queen. ("Country Life.")



HAMPTON COURT: BRIDGMAN'S PLAN (UNDATED), SHOWING THE SEMI-CIRCULAR LIME-AVENUE ON THE PALACE SIDE OF THE NORTH CANAL. WREN'S STATE-APPROACH FROM THE NORTH (THE CHESTNUT AVENUE PLANTED BY WISE) IS MARKED ON THE LEFT IN THIS PLAN. Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of Sir John Soane's Museum.

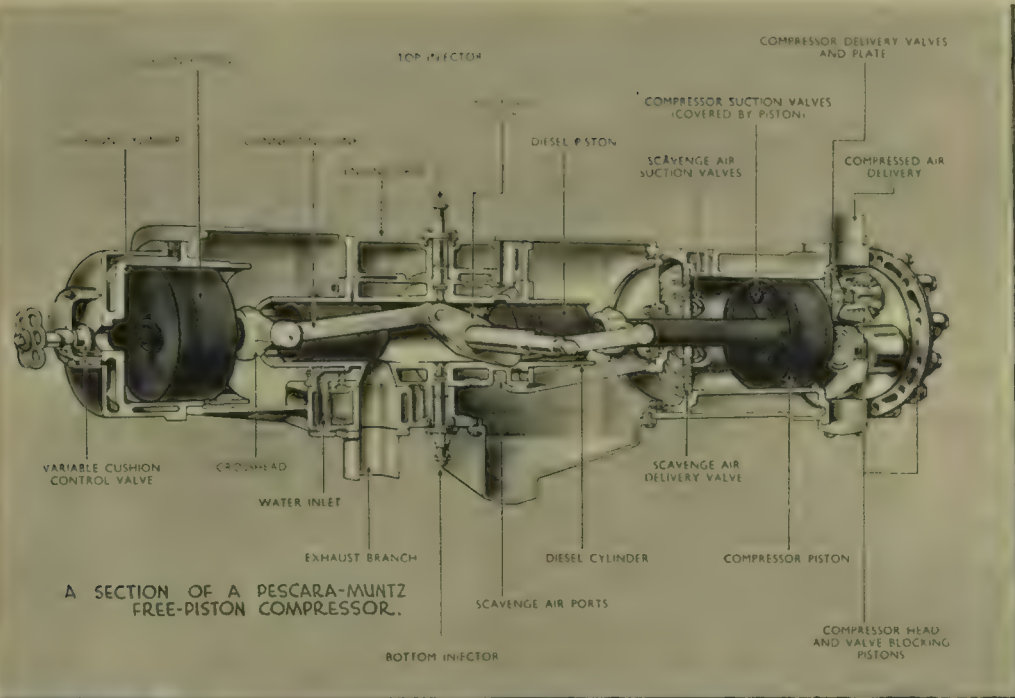
Illustrations reproduced from the book "Gardener to Queen Anne"; by courtesy of the publisher, Oxford University Press.



HAMPTON COURT: DETAIL OF WREN'S SCHEME OF 1689, SHOWING THE WILDERNESS AS PLANTED BY WISE AND LONDON. NEAR THE BOTTOM LEFT-HAND CORNER IS INDICATED THE MAZE, THEN AS NOW, NEAR THE LION GATE. Reproduced by permission of the Trustees of Sir John Soane's Museum.

pampas-grass or get out, or that I simply must put in the middle of my little plot a shapeless group of statuary, carved out of Gruyère cheese by a sculptor approved of by the Arts Council, and paid for by the taxpayers or ratepayers. And if the Ministry of Agriculture and the County Agriculture Committee, who (under a Socialist Act still in full operation under a Tory Government) have just turned a neighbour of mine out of house and home and taken away her land on the grounds that she didn't obey "the rules of good husbandry," decide that, having coped with all the deviationists with a hundred acres, they must keep going by scrutinizing those with the hundredth

"Gardener to Queen Anne: Henry Wise (1653-1738) and the Formal Garden." By David Green. Illustrated. (Oxford University Press; 70s.)



A SECTION OF A PESCARA-MUNTZ FREE-PISTON COMPRESSOR.

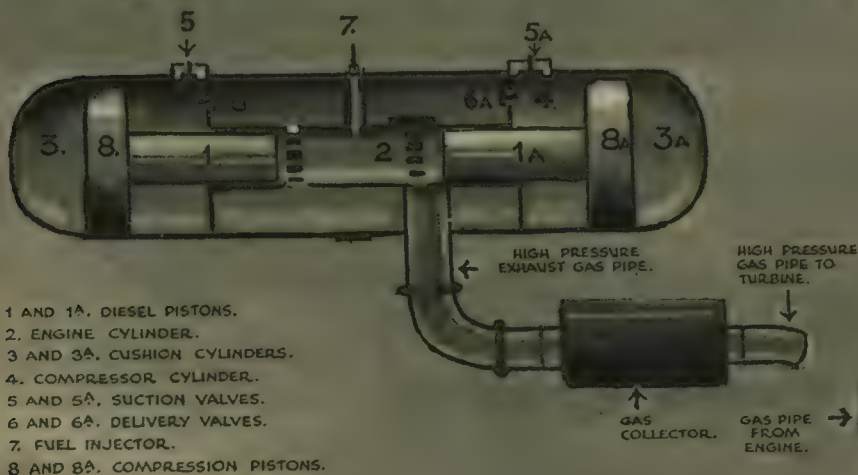


AN AUTOMOBILE FITTED WITH A FREE-PISTON ENGINE.

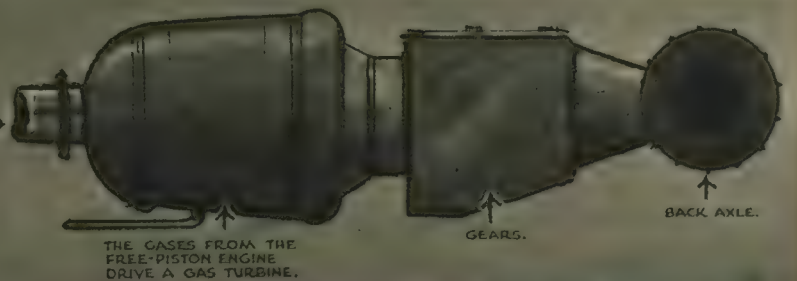
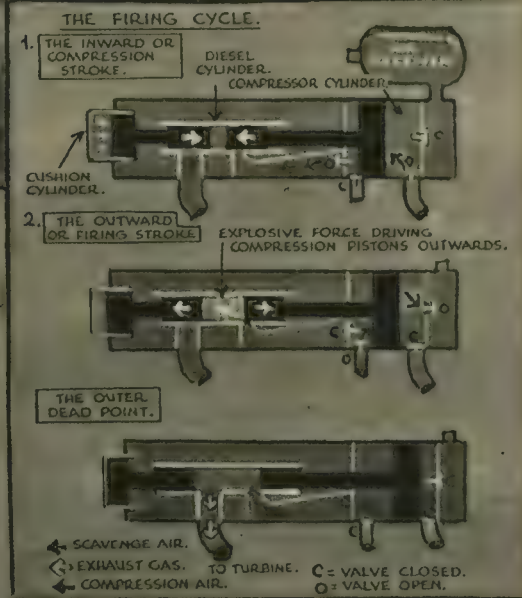


A SIMPLE DIAGRAM SHOWING HOW THE FREE-PISTON ENGINE MAY BE UTILISED TO DRIVE A CAR.

IT COMPRISES TWO CYLINDERS EACH CONTAINING TWO HORIZONTALLY OPPOSED PISTONS. DURING THE FIRING CYCLE THE DIESEL PISTONS (1) FORCE OUTWARD THE COMPRESSION PISTONS (8), THUS COMPRESSING AIR TRAPPED IN THE CUSHION CYLINDERS (3). THE REACTION DRIVES THE PISTONS INWARD EXPELLING THE EXHAUST GASES WHICH DRIVE A GAS TURBINE WHICH IS INTEGRAL WITH THE BACK AXLE OF THE CAR.



- 1 AND 1A. DIESEL PISTONS.
- 2. ENGINE CYLINDER.
- 3 AND 3A. CUSHION CYLINDERS.
- 4. COMPRESSOR CYLINDER.
- 5 AND 5A. SUCTION VALVES.
- 6 AND 6A. DELIVERY VALVES.
- 7. FUEL INJECTOR.
- 8 AND 8A. COMPRESSION PISTONS.



THE GASES FROM THE FREE-PISTON ENGINE DRIVE A GAS TURBINE.

THE BEGINNING OF A REVOLUTION IN MOTORING? THE FREE PISTON ENGINE, NOW ADAPTED FOR CARS.

The giant General Motors Corporation of America announced recently that they had developed a free piston engine suitable for passenger cars. These engines have been used in compressors for some years, and are gaining ground as power units for locomotives, power stations and marine purposes, but have not previously been adapted for road transport. The advantages claimed for the new engine are that it has fewer high precision parts than the normal car engine, works without vibration, and has few rotating parts, resulting in less wear and tear. There is also the big advantage that low-grade fuels can be used, such as bunker oil, whale oil, peanut and other vegetable oils. It has not yet been predicted when the engine will become a commercial proposition. Sponsored by the Ministry of Supply, the project has been

considerably developed in Britain since the war, and one of the firms that have been chiefly responsible for the development of the free piston engine in this country is Alan Muntz and Co., Ltd. From this firm Mackays of Feltham acquired the manufacturing rights under a Pescara-Muntz licence similar to that being operated by the General Motors Corporation. An agreement was recently concluded between Alan Muntz and Co. and Associated British Engineering. Basically, the working of the engine is simple. A mixture of fuel and air is compressed and ignited, and by means of the free pistons, the exhaust gases, at a comparatively low temperature, are then used to drive a turbine connected to the driving axle. Two cylinders are used in the new engine to give smoother running.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, with the co-operation of Mackay Industrial Equipment, Ltd., Feltham.



THUNDERING ROUND TATTENHAM CORNER: THE DERBY FIELD, WITH *MONTEREY* IN THE LEAD, AT THIS STAGE OF THE RACE, FOLLOWED BY *PIRATE KING*.



ARRIVING ON THE COURSE AT EPSOM: PRINCESS MARGARET, A CHARMING FIGURE IN WHITE, ESCORTED BY THE DUKE OF NORFOLK.



WALKING TO THE PADDOCK: H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER ACCOMPANIED BY LORD ROSEBERY.

THE 1956 DERBY: ROYAL SPECTATORS; AND THE FIELD AT TATTENHAM CORNER DURING THE RACE.

Although her Majesty the Queen was unable to be at Epsom to see the Derby on June 6, as she was on her way to Sweden with the Duke of Edinburgh, the Royal family was well represented. In the Royal party were Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Princess Royal, the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra. The Queen Mother, who was wearing a blue floral silk dress and a silver fox fur, and Princess Margaret, in a white hat and white coat over a heliotrope

dress, arrived by car from London and were met at the course by the Stewards: the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Rosebery, Lord Derby and Sir Humphrey de Trafford. After the race, which was run in driving rain, the Queen Mother congratulated M. Wertheimer, whose colt *Lavandin* had brought him his first success in the Derby. The crowd at Epsom was so great and the number of cars so immense that the police used a helicopter, with an observer and radio operator, to help them to keep things moving.



"THEY'RE OFF": THE FIELD OF TWENTY-SEVEN HORSES RACING AWAY FROM THE GATE AT THE START OF THE 1956 DERBY AT EPSOM.



THE END OF A THRILLING RACE: THE 7 TO 1 FAVOURITE, *LAVANDIN*, WINNING THE DERBY BY A NECK FROM *MONTAVAL* (CENTRE LEFT).

A FRENCH COLT WINS THE DERBY: THE START AND FINISH OF THE WORLD'S MOST POPULAR CLASSIC.

The 1956 Derby, the 177th renewal of the Derby Stakes, was run at Epsom on June 6, when, for the first time in the history of the race, no English-trained horse finished in the first three. The winner was the French-trained favourite *Lavandin*, owned by M. Pierre Wertheimer and ridden by W. R. Johnstone, which passed the finishing-post a neck ahead of another French colt, *Montaval*, owned by Mr. R. B. Strassburger and ridden by F. Palmer. Mr. J. McGrath's Irish horse *Roistar*, ridden by J. Eddery, was third. Lord Astor's *Hornbeam* was fourth, just ahead of *Atlas*, fifth, owned by her

Majesty the Queen. Rain started to fall when the horses were in the parade ring and drove some of the crowd to shelter; many of the beautifully-dressed women and their elegantly attired escorts watched the race from beneath umbrellas or attired in waterproofs. It was the third Derby victory for the Australian jockey Rae Johnstone, who already has three Oaks to his credit. His previous Derby wins were both gained on French horses—*My Love* in 1948 and *Galador* in 1950. *Lavandin* is the fifth French Derby winner in the eleven years since racing was resumed at Epsom after the war.

THE period from March to November 1941 was one of heavy strain for the forces commanded by Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham, General Sir Archibald Wavell, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore. The phase of glittering success had come to an end and that of adversity had set in. The sub-title of the second volume on the Mediterranean and Middle East goes to the heart of the matter.* The trouble was German intervention, not vast in strength but formidable and well-applied, with air and land forces. The most spectacular feature was the appearance of Rommel and the attacks which he began as soon

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. 1941 IN MEDITERRANEAN AND MIDDLE EAST.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

expanding, but the period was as unfavourable for it as for the Army and its losses were heavy. Secondary tasks—in Iraq, Syria and Persia—were successfully carried out. The administrative situation is clearly described.

In the course of the period two of the triumvirate were replaced, Sir Charles Longmore by Air Marshal A. W. Tedder, and Sir Archibald Wavell by General Sir Claude Auchinleck. The Wavell affair might take an interesting place in a study of the relations between soldiers and statesmen. There is no point in being reticent about it, since Sir Winston Churchill has written that because he was impressed by the confidence of others in Wavell he "thought it best to leave him in command." This cannot be called a happy basis. The two men were not naturally sympathetic. Wavell was very good on paper and sometimes vocally, but his silences—and even apparent lack of interest—caused astonishment and disappointment. This book makes it clear that he was

a great deal out of little and never lost the moral courage needed to face adversity. The Navy certainly seems to emerge with the highest record of the three Services. Its achievements in the battle for Crete were magnificent, but its cruel losses in the evacuation left it for the time being at a grave disadvantage by comparison with the

strength of the Italians. Yet it continued to perform an invaluable task, notably in the case of the vital Malta convoys of July and September, which left the island relatively well garrisoned, armed and stocked.

Crete did not represent all loss. The damage done to the Luftwaffe brought a certain degree of quietude to Malta and made naval operations, including convoys, rather less dangerous. The Luftwaffe never put its whole heart into attack on what was probably Britain's most tender spot, the Suez Canal, though it did enough to cause anxiety. Moreover, if the R.A.F. was strained, the Luftwaffe also felt the pinch when it began to disperse and to use ill-furnished and inaccessible airfields. The result was that, in terms of its paper strength, it soon dropped to a low operation strength at any given moment. It was enabled to carry on as well as it did only because of its strength in transport aircraft.

The three Commanders-in-Chief naturally found themselves involved in politics. The appointment of a Minister of State in the Middle East was a good move, and the choice of Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, the present Lord Chandos, was a happy one. He was, in brief, the representative of the War Cabinet on the spot. The striking plan of the Prime Minister and Minister of Defence to reorganise administration proved altogether less happy. I can still hear General Dill's gulp of

mingled amusement and perplexity on pronouncing the title "Intendant-General." It does not much matter if an operation is given an odd name, but it is hard on an officer to be labelled with one which his colleagues find funny, even supposing that they are unimaginative in doing so. Sir Robert Haining must have felt it to be a burden, but the real trouble was that there was no place for an "Intendant-General" except in an advisory capacity.

The historian deals tactfully with the subject of the employment of forces from Australia and New Zealand. Some recent comments would suggest that British commanders split or scattered them out of caprice. In fact, if the Australian and New Zealand commanders, Blamey and Freyberg, had adhered strictly to their theories about the employment of their forces, then all the most unpleasant and unpromising jobs would have fallen to the British. These relations produce curious results. In theory the troops of the small nations have been at a disadvantage in the two great wars because the command has always been British. Actually, they might have become the privileged ones because their Governments reserved the right to refuse to allow them to be employed as the British Commander-in-Chief intended. Then, in practice, comradeship and spirit induced Australian and New Zealand officers, faced by an emergency, to sanction immediate action without hesitation, even though they disliked the manner in which their troops were employed.

The story told so soberly in this volume is in itself dramatic. From the hub of Cairo the spokes radiate to great distances in all directions. Sometimes it is only along two or three of these spokes that matters are lively and exertions are called for at any one time.

Sometimes the troubles are more numerous. But, time after time, when two or three spokes become satisfactory and there seems some prospect of recovering the initiative formerly enjoyed, something else starts. Many mistakes were made, but the most remarkable thing was how much was accomplished with the resources available and how little was lost which it was humanly possible to hold.



BEARDED AND TURBANNED AND IN WHITE-AND-BLUE TROPICAL UNIFORM: A SIKH PIPER OF THE MALAYA POLICE BAND, NOW TAKING PART IN THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT AT EARLS COURT (JUNE 6-23).

as the first small echelon of his 5th Light Division had reached the scene. The arrival of the Luftwaffe in the Mediterranean, which had begun in January, was, however, equally important.

Talking over a club luncheon table on the day before this article with a man exceptionally well placed at the time, I found him under the impression that our intelligence had been completely surprised by the appearance of German troops. It was not as bad as that. On March 2, four weeks and a day before General Streich's attack on Mersa Brega, Wavell reported that the Germans had at most an armoured brigade group in the country, but that two armoured divisions might follow. Three days later his staff estimated that the Germans would try to reach the Suez Canal. There was serious miscalculation, but it applied to German daring rather than strength—and Rommel came near to driving his own forces to a complete halt. And it was less miscalculation than the Greek campaign and the wretched equipment of the forces in Egypt that allowed Rommel's daring so much success, though this fell a long way short of what he was seeking.

The events described in this volume include the campaign in Greece, the loss of Crete, the British "Battleaxe" offensive which has never received a battle name, and the final campaign in East Africa. On the naval side there is the brilliant action off Cape Matapan and the attacks on the enemy's sea communications. The attack on and defence of Malta is a combination of sea and air warfare. The R.A.F. in the theatre was



NEWCOMERS TO THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT, WHO HAVE CREATED A GREAT IMPRESSION AT EARLS COURT THIS MONTH: THE BAND OF THE FEDERATION OF MALAYA POLICE.

Among the new items in the Royal Tournament, now in its 66th year, and at Earls Court from June 6 to June 23, is the Band of the Federation of Malaya Police. This band, which was first formed in 1932, is under the direction of Mr. A. W. Crofts, A.R.C.M., formerly of The Royal Scots Greys; and Malays fill the drum, brass and reed sections, while the Pipers are Pakistanis or Sikhs. All are trained police as well as musicians, and they are frequently on tour, covering about 10,000 miles annually. At the end of a brilliant display of playing and marching they finished in darkness with illuminated drums and drumsticks giving a charming effect. Other photographs of the Royal Tournament appear on pages 132 and 133.

the worst sufferer from the telegraphic bombardment shared by Cunningham and Longmore. There are few more tragic positions for a commander than that of feeling he does not enjoy full political confidence.

It is perhaps significant that Admiral Cunningham was the sole survivor of a team which, whatever its shortcomings may have been, had made

* "The Mediterranean and Middle East." Vol. II. "The Germans Come to the Help of Their Ally" (1941). By Major-General I. S. O. Playfair and Others. (Stationery Office; 35s.)

WHERE THE REGIMENT WAS BORN 300 YEARS AGO: THE GRENADIER GUARDS' PARADE IN BRUGES.



CELEBRATING THEIR TERCENTENARY IN THE SCENE OF THEIR ORIGINAL FORMATION: THE BAND AND 1ST BATTALION OF THE GRENADIER GUARDS IN THE GRAND' PLACE, BRUGES.



THE BURGOMASTER OF BRUGES, M. VANDAMME, INSPECTING THE 1ST BN., GRENADIER GUARDS ON JUNE 6.



WHERE THE REGIMENT WAS FIRST FORMED BY CHARLES II IN EXILE: THE 1ST BN., GRENADIER GUARDS AND THE BAND IN THE GRAND' PLACE, BRUGES.

The birthplace of the Grenadier Guards is Bruges, in Belgium, for it was there that King Charles II in exile formed in May 1656 his Royal Regiment of Guards under the Colonelcy of Lord Wentworth, from men who had followed their King into exile rather than live under tyranny. This regiment, combined with a second Royal Regiment, raised after the restoration, was eventually known as The First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards; and it is their

tercentenary which is being celebrated this year, with various ceremonies. One of the most interesting took place in the Grand' Place, Bruges, where the 1st Battalion, Grenadier Guards, on their way back to England after service in Germany, were joined from England by their band in a parade on June 6, and were inspected by the Burgomaster, M. Vandamme. During their stay (June 5-6) a tattoo was held and the band gave several concerts.



RALLYING TO THE COLOURS—IN THE STYLE OF THE 1860'S: THE FORT HENRY GUARD OF CANADA, FIRING FROM THE SQUARE IN ALL DIRECTIONS.



IN CLASSIC "LINE OF BATTLE": TO THE QUICK-FIRE OF THE ARMSTRONG GUNS, THE FORT HENRY INFANTRYMEN PREPARE TO DELIVER A VOLLEY.



A NAVAL NOVELTY IN THE TOURNAMENT: THE HUGE MODEL SHIPS OF THE CONVOY, RISING AND FALLING "WITH THE SWELL" BEFORE THE ATTACK. EXCITING NOVELTIES OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: THE FORT HENRY GUARD; AND A CONVOY ACTION AT SEA.

The Royal Tournament (Chairman: Major-General G. F. Johnson, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., Commanding London District) opened at Earls Court on June 6, in this, its sixty-sixth year, and remains open to June 23, at 2.30 and 7.30 p.m. This brilliant display of military skills and pageantry has a number of old and tried favourites; but three novelties this year competed in the attempt to steal the show. One, the Malay Police Band, is illustrated on page 730; the other two, the Royal Navy's Convoy Action;

and the Fort Henry Guard of Canada, are illustrated above. In the Convoy Action, huge models of ships, submarines and aircraft, a headquarters on land and an operations room at sea, are successively illuminated to tell the story of an attack on a convoy and counter-attacks on the submarines. The Fort Henry Guard (whose history was described in our issue of May 12) gave a sparkling display of infantry drill and battle tactics of the 1860's. The Fort Henry Guard are all volunteers from the Canadian universities.



ALWAYS A POPULAR FEATURE OF THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT: THE ROYAL AIR FORCE POLICE DOGS, PARADED BEFORE THEIR DISPLAY.



SWINGING ACROSS THE "BOTTOMLESS CHASM": TEAMS FROM CHATHAM AND DEVONPORT IN THE ROYAL NAVY'S FIELD-GUN DISPLAY.

POLICE DOGS AND THEIR HANDLERS; FIELD GUNS OF THE ROYAL NAVY—OLD FAVOURITES AT THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

On the opposite page we describe a few of the new features of the Royal Tournament (at Earls Court, June 6 to June 23). Above we show two well-tried features: the display of R.A.F. Police Dogs by their handlers; and the Royal Navy's famous field-gun competition. Other popular items of the tournament include: a Drill Display by Recruits of the King's Squad, Royal Marines; the delightful and stirring Musical Drive of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery; the hair-raising motor-cycle display by

the Despatch Riders of the Royal Corps of Signals; a Physical Training Display with logs, by the Royal Air Force; a rhythmic P.T. display to music by the Combined Women's Services. The music is provided by the Band of the 1st Battalion, the Parachute Regiment; and the stirring finale, by the Massed Bands and Bugles of the Light Infantry Brigade, who diversified their performance, most of which was carried out at the usual cracking Light Infantry pace, by an engaging slow march in waltz time.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THE Polygalas, or Milkworts, have always seemed to me a rather odd little family of plants. But little is perhaps not a very accurate estimate of their num-

bers. All told, there are about 450 different species of *Polygala* scattered widely around the world, and for garden purposes in this country many of them are tender, requiring greenhouse accommodation. I seem to remember having met a few of them, chiefly in botanic gardens. Attractive plants, but not for the likes of me. I find it best to confine my attention almost exclusively to hardy plants, and the hardy milkworts of my acquaintance really are a small family party. Four or five at most. But every one of them a plant of real garden merit.

Polygala chamæbuxus is a delightful dwarf evergreen shrub, seldom more than 9 ins. or a foot high, with neat box-like leaves and pale, creamy-yellow flowers, touched with gold as they age. They suggest the blossoms of a gorse or of some small pea. This milkwort is often to be met growing very abundantly in sub-Alpine woodlands. It is excellent for planting on the outskirts of the rock garden, and as ground cover among choice shrubs or in the partial shade of the wood garden. It seems to enjoy light, peaty or leaf-mouldy soil, and may be increased by taking off rooted or partially rooted sucker shoots—in other words, Irishman's cuttings. Or a clump may be dug up and divided.

There is a variety of *P. chamæbuxus* in which the wing petals are purple, in striking contrast with the yellow keel. This form, known as *P. chamæbuxus grandiflorus*, or *P. c. purpureus*, is, I think, more widely grown in gardens than the all-yellow type. But both are well worth having.

Polygala vayredæ is, I think, an even more attractive plant for the rock garden than *P. chamæbuxus*. It is much dwarfer and closer growing, reaching a height of only 3 or 4 ins., with gay little flowers in rose-purple and yellow, and distinctive narrow leaves. A native of the Eastern Pyrenees of Catalonia and apparently of very local occurrence there.

The wild British milkwort, *Polygala vulgaris*, is an extremely pretty little plant with its pink, white or blue flowers. It is common and often very abundant on downlands and heathy places. So neat and dwarf and gay is it that it looks ideal for the rock garden. But for some reason or other it does not seem to take kindly to a domestic life. I have several times tried digging up roots in the hope of establishing them in the garden. But somehow the roots looked horribly discouraging. A hard, uncompromising, wiry tap-root, with little or no working fibre. They looked determined to die—and die they did, the tiresome little brutes. But how charming a colony of them would be, all the colours mixed, and planted close, so as to form a solid mat. It may be, of course, that the plant is some sort of parasite, dependent on root association with some others of the plants among which it grows. Seeds collected from wild specimens and sown *in situ* in the rock garden might give success. But if parasitism is essential and the introduction of victim-hosts for

A FEW MILKWORTS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

the milkwort to batten on, that is the sort of sordid complication I don't want to have to resort to in the rock garden.

There is, however, a close relative of *Polygala vulgaris*—whether a mere variety or a distinct species I do not know for certain—called *Polygala*

calcareæ. It is found, I believe, in the south of England, and has come into cultivation as a rock-garden plant in relatively recent years. And a first-rate rock-garden plant it is, spreading sedately into close,

concise, evergreen mats, which in May-June carry a fine show of dwarf heads of blue—sapphire-blue—flowers. In spite of flowering at a time of year when there are so many bright and lovely things a-bloom in the rock garden, *Polygala calcarea* has no difficulty in holding its own as a telling splash of colour in the rock garden; and the plant could hardly be more easy to grow. It seems to enjoy any reasonably decent loam, always as good as gold, without fuss or bother. For long I have planned to visit some district where this excellent milkwort grows wild in abundance and ransack the whole neighbourhood in search of colour varieties, a white, a pink, or, above all, a good light Cambridge blue. The ordinary *Polygala vulgaris* varies so widely in colour that it seems probable that its near relative would be likely to produce an occasional colour variant.

Meanwhile, the type plant *P. calcarea* is a wonderfully good rock-garden plant to be going on with, with its almost sapphire-blue blossoms. A good plant, by the by, for the sink rock garden.

Stuart Thompson, in his "Alpine Plants of Europe," speaks of the Polygalas as a "difficult" family—difficult, that is, to pin down and name with any certainty. They are, too, difficult to grow, with the exception of *P. chamæbuxus*, *P. vayredæ*, and *P. calcarea*. Stuart Thompson, speaking of *P. vulgaris*, says, "The common milkwort, with flowers of blue, rose, purple or white, attains a remarkable size in the mountains, and is well worth more attention in our gardens, for it will grow anywhere, and is very pretty." My experience of *P. vulgaris* in this country is that it will grow anywhere—except in the garden. Anywhere, that is, on heathy ground or downland.

In some of the lower sub-Alpine districts I have often come upon truly magnificent milkworts, with tapered racemes of blossom up to 9 ins. high and a goodly crop of such racemes to a plant. The colour varied almost as widely as in *P. vulgaris* in England, but was always far more brilliant—blue, reddish-violet and violet. Several times I have been tempted to collect roots of these lovely things, but always I have been baffled by their discouraging roots, which seemed to hold out about as much hope of becoming re-established in England as so many steel knitting-needles, finely tempered and delicately tapered. Whether these were the extra-fine Alpine *P. vulgaris* forms to which Stuart Thompson refers I do not know. They sound like it, and at the same time they seem to me very far removed from our British *P. vulgaris*.

So brilliant and attractive and in places so plentiful are these sub-Alpine Polygalas that I can not help thinking that there is something freakish in their make-up, possibly a streak of parasitism, which makes them shy of cultivation. Otherwise rock gardeners, both amateur and professional—the Alpine nurserymen—would surely have fallen for their charms and would long since have got them established in our gardens here.



DWARFER AND CLOSER-GROWING THAN *POLYGALA CHAMÆBUXUS*: *POLYGALA VAYREDÆ*, WHICH HAS "GAY LITTLE FLOWERS IN ROSE-PURPLE AND YELLOW, AND DISTINCTIVE NARROW LEAVES."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.



"A DELIGHTFUL DWARF EVERGREEN SHRUB, WITH NEAT, BOX-LIKE LEAVES AND CREAMY-YELLOW FLOWERS, TOUCHED WITH GOLD AS THEY AGE": *POLYGALA CHAMÆBUXUS*, GROWING IN A ROCK CREVICE.

Photograph by D. F. Merrett.

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A NOTABLE POST-WAR ACQUISITION AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES : RENOIR'S MAGNIFICENT
 "LA PARISIENNE."

A NUMBER of generous bequests and gifts, notably those of Miss Gwendoline E. Davies, C.H., have done much to place the collection of the National Museum of Wales among the most important in these islands. Some pictures from the Museum were shown in a loan exhibition at Messrs. Agnew's in January of this year. This exhibition was held in aid of the Friends of the National Museum of Wales, and it gave those who have not seen the collection at Cardiff the opportunity to see some of its greatest treasures. Outstanding among these is Renoir's most lovely full-length painting of "*La Parisienne*," which ranks among the greatest masterpieces by this famous artist. It was one of the seven works exhibited by Renoir in the "First Impressionist Exhibition" at Paris in 1874. "*La Parisienne*" is one of the paintings which were left to the National Museum of Wales by Miss Gwendoline Davies in 1952. (Canvas ; 63 by 41½ ins.)



"DOLBADARN CASTLE," BY RICHARD WILSON, R.A. (1714(?)-1782). (Canvas; 36½ by 49½ ins.)



"CHEPSTOW CASTLE," BY JOHN INIGO RICHARDS, R.A. (Died, 1810.) (Canvas; 31 by 43 ins.)

CASTLES FAMOUS IN WELSH HISTORY : TWO PAINTINGS FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES AT CARDIFF.

The National Museum of Wales was founded in 1907. During the early years of its existence the museum's policy in adding to the very varied collection which it had taken over from the former Cardiff Museum was strictly nationalist. Only pictures which were either by Welsh artists or of Welsh subjects were purchased. The two works reproduced on this page are examples of this policy. Richard Wilson ranks among the greatest of the artists born in Wales and the Museum owns a number of his masterpieces. "Dolbadarn Castle," which is also known as "Llanberis Lake," was

purchased in 1937. There are several versions of this subject and this painting is topographically inaccurate in several details. John Inigo Richards was obviously very strongly influenced by Wilson. His "Chepstow Castle" was purchased in 1945, and was one of two works by this artist shown in the recent London exhibition of pictures from the National Museum of Wales. Both Wilson and Richards were among those elected as founder members of the Royal Academy in 1768, and twenty years later Richards was appointed Secretary of the Academy.



"CREPUSCULE," BY CLAUDE MONET (1840-1926), ONE OF TWO MAGNIFICENT PAINTINGS OF VENICE WHICH ARE AMONG THE SIX WORKS BY MONET LEFT TO THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES BY MISS GWENDOLINE DAVIES. (Canvas; 22 by 31 ins.)



"NATURE MORTE A LA THEIERE," BY PAUL CEZANNE (1839-1906). (Canvas; 23 by 28½ ins.)

TWO OUTSTANDING WORKS FROM THE GWENDOLINE E. DAVIES BEQUEST : A MONET
AND A CEZANNE AT THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES.

It is not an exaggerated claim that the Gwendoline E. Davies Bequest of 1952 transformed the National Museum of Wales at Cardiff from an average local gallery into one which ranks high among the public galleries in Great Britain. Miss Davies, who lived in Montgomeryshire, formed her collection over a period of about fifteen years. It includes a mixed group of old-master paintings, and a fine selection of important works of the British School with no fewer than fourteen Turners, but the chief glories of the bequest are the French nineteenth-century paintings, which range from Corot, Millet and Daumier to Cézanne, Renoir and Monet. These great French paintings were mostly bought by Miss Davies before these artists had become so fashionable, and so expensive. The Monet, which was painted in 1908, and the Cézanne reproduced on this page are but two of a large number of really great works by the outstanding French Impressionists and their successors in France, which may now be seen at the National Museum of Wales.



"LA PETITE GARDEUSE D'OIES," BY JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET : ANOTHER PAINTING FROM THE NATIONAL MUSEUM OF WALES RECENTLY SHOWN IN LONDON.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET (1814-1875) was the son of Norman peasants, and was brought up on a small farm. Though he studied in Paris and lived there at various periods in his life, he remained devoted to the peasant life of his early days. In 1849 he settled in the village of Barbizon, in the beautiful Fontainebleau country, and he remained there till his death in 1875. The majority of Millet's paintings and drawings were based on peasant life, and he is perhaps best known for his wonderful renderings of the various ordinary tasks which made up the life of the peasant farmer. "La Petite Gardeuse d'Oies" was painted in 1867, very probably in the village of Barbizon, and it is signed "J. F. Millet" in the bottom right-hand corner. This small painting is typical of Millet's simple, but effective, treatment of a subject which must have been absolutely familiar to him. While the other members of the Barbizon School painted mainly landscapes, Millet continued to find inspiration in the peasants who lived around him, and of whom he was himself one. This painting was also bequeathed to the National Museum of Wales by Miss Gwendoline Davies in 1952. Another artist of the Barbizon School well represented in the bequest is Corot, by whom there are three paintings, all of which were included in the recent London exhibition. (Canvas; 12 by 9 ins.)



ON one or two occasions recently I have ventured to draw attention on this page to the extraordinary accomplishment of the eighteenth-century French workers in ormolu, or gilded bronze. We never fell in love with it over here and used it only sparingly, but with them it was a very important material; it was married to porcelain, whether Chinese, Meissen or Sèvres, and to all kinds of luxurious wooden furniture,



FIG. 1. ONE OF A PAIR OF CH'EN LUNG FAMILLE ROSE GOOSE TUREENS; AT THE CURRENT SUMMER EXHIBITION AT FRANK PARTRIDGE AND SONS, LTD., 144-146, NEW BOND STREET. MR. DAVIS DISCUSSES THESE TUREENS AND OTHER PIECES AT THIS INTERESTING EXHIBITION IN HIS ARTICLE. (Height, 15½ ins.)

and it was used by itself for wall lights, for chandeliers and for all kinds of movable objects like table candlesticks. Had solid gold, even in that age of extravagance, not been out of the question, no doubt gold would have been preferred; it was just as well it was out of reach, for it would not have been possible to have treated so soft a metal as crisply as was done with the substitute, and certainly no base metal has ever had greater pains lavished upon it. The craft was so important that by the reign of Louis XV it employed a great many people and was highly organised. The sculptor, of course, provided the model; then it went to the foundry, and after it had been cast, to the "ciseleur-doreur" who finished it.

Those who are interested in the subject will discover, in the beautiful new arrangement at the Victoria and Albert Museum, a whole case of gilt bronze (or ormolu) of the most distinguished kind—and just now these candlesticks and the candelabrum of Fig. 2 (part of a set of two candelabra and four candlesticks) have caught my eye in an exhibition of furniture, porcelain, etc., at the Frank Partridge Gallery. The upper part of the candelabra can be unscrewed to form candlesticks just like the remainder. The style is obviously about the year 1800, the stems are chased and engraved with stylised leaves and flowers, above them are four female heads, and the scrolling arms of the candelabra terminate in flower-shaped nozzles. One is so accustomed to think of ormolu pieces of this obviously high quality as French that one is at first a little taken aback to learn that it has been suggested that these could be English, by Matthew Boulton at Birmingham, who undoubtedly produced a great number of small ormolu pieces—things like drawer-handles and keyhole surrounds. The point is of no particular consequence, except that it would be interesting if someone could shed more definite light upon Boulton's activities.

From among many notable pieces of furniture, both French and English, I select the Adam commode of Fig. 3, partly because it is so revealing an example of the debt owed to their French opposite numbers by English cabinet-makers, partly because they translated French into

English with such finesse, a little because the photograph is exceptionally clear, showing the grain of the wood, and a great deal because I admire it, rightly or wrongly, more than somewhat; probably wrongly, for your true-blue, dyed-in-the-wool æsthetic purist is likely, if he could bring himself to use such indecorous language, to call this a typical half-breed conceived on the wrong side of the blanket. Anyway, as an English version of the classic style it seems to me finely composed and of high quality; satinwood and kingwood, the marquetry foliage festoons in various woods, on very slight cabriole legs with ormolu toes. The gallery at the top is brass.

Other Adam-style pieces in the exhibition are a pair of satinwood side-tables, their tops inlaid with an all-over pattern of trellised vines and the frieze carved with swags and with a laurel-encircled head of a lion on one table, a lioness on the other; and a suite of giltwood furniture of about 1773, once at Brockenhurst Park, Hampshire—a settee, five window-seats and eight armchairs. The chairs have oval backs, the scroll supports to which form low arms; the window-seats have stuffed and scrolled sides; the frames are carved with husk garlands and the slender cabriole legs are joined to the seats by scallop shells. The covering is ice-blue satin. The other English pieces include a mahogany cupboard by William Vile—that excellent cabinet-maker whose name was



FIG. 2. PART OF A SET OF TWO DIRECTOIRE CANDELABRA AND FOUR CANDLESTICKS IN GILT BRONZE. THESE MAY HAVE BEEN THE WORK OF MATTHEW BOULTON, OF BIRMINGHAM, THOUGH THEIR STYLE IS VERY MUCH THAT OF FRENCH ORMOLU OF ABOUT THE YEAR 1800. (Height of the candelabrum, 25 ins.)



FIG. 3. "AS AN ENGLISH VERSION OF THE CLASSIC STYLE IT SEEMS TO ME FINELY COMPOSED AND OF HIGH QUALITY." AN ADAM MARQUETRY COMMUNE, FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE HOWARD REED, WHICH IS ALSO IN THE PARTRIDGE EXHIBITION. (Width, 19½ ins.; height, 28 ins.)

unknown a generation or so ago, and who worked for Queen Charlotte—and a remarkable Chippendale tripod table, the top octagonal, supported on six carved scrolls resting on an acanthus carved tripod leg.

None the less, the accent of the exhibition as a whole is French, with colour provided by some

notable K'ang Hsi and Ch'ien Lung porcelain, including those enchanting horsemen recently bought at Christie's for such fabulous prices. Unlike the remainder of the human race, I am not enamoured of table-ware in the shape of either fish, fowl, animal or vegetable—a disability which in many quarters makes people look at me with polite contempt. I can, however, see that as a goose goes, Fig. 1 is a good goose, even though the top half of him takes off. In any case, he and his mate—for there are a pair of them—are splendid examples of modelling and of *famille rose* enamel colours, with wing and tail feathers

enamelled in red, blue, green and *rouge de fer*. There is also an excellent dog—spanielish—the fur in shades of brown, eyes green and brown, mouth and tongue pink. One of the horsemen mentioned above has already appeared on this page at the time of the Christie's sale in April. Another ceramic piece in the exhibition is in an entirely different category—one of those charming terracotta figures which were modelled in France during the last half of the eighteenth century by such sculptors as Falconet and, as far as I know, were not done elsewhere. This one is by the sculptor Lucas, signed and dated 1786—"La Source"—a nude figure of a reclining girl with one arm resting on a jar. They are small things of great quality, and anyone who cares to take the trouble will find a dozen or so in one of the cases at the Victoria and Albert Museum mentioned above in connection with the ormolu.

But presumably, for the majority of visitors, the main interest of the show resides in the many pieces of fine French furniture—a small Louis XV writing-table, for example, the shaped top rimmed with ormolu and with a key pattern gallery and veneered with kingwood and banded with tulip-wood, last seen in public at the sale of the Sotheby heirlooms, or a small *Poudreuse* with a marquetry inlay of flowers and musical instruments—or, no doubt more important, a *Tricoteuse* (work-table) by Riesener similar to one by the same famous maker which is at Versailles. There are several paintings, including four by Hoppner, a pair of lively hunting scenes by John Ferney, and a characteristic painting by Fragonard's pupil and sister-in-law, Marguerite Gerard, in which two young women, one seated at a table on which is a mirror in which she is reflected, the other standing, are reading a letter. A pair of Louis XV ormolu candelabra set on a rococo base with flowering branches, amid which stands a *blanc de chine* figure of a cockerel, are particularly gay and distinguished—and, moreover, of exceptional interest as there seems to be evidence to show that they may originally have belonged to Mme. de Pompadour, who, now I come to think of it, would have felt at home at this exhibition, and would assuredly have been extremely interested in the many things of quality produced after her time.

MAPPING TWO THOUSAND TOMBS FROM THE AIR: HOW AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY PLAYS ITS PART IN SOLVING THE RIDDLE OF THE ETRUSCANS.

By JOHN BRADFORD, M.A., F.S.A., Lecturer in the University of Oxford.

In recent years, interest in the Etruscan civilisation in Italy has been intensified. Its origins still remain mysterious, among the most puzzling and important problems in archaeology. MR. JOHN BRADFORD here sums up the latest results of his discoveries from the air and on the ground. (Air photographs Crown Copyright Reserved.)

ONE aspect of the Etruscans has become much clearer recently. The plans of some of their greatest cemeteries have now been revealed in

the air, under suitable conditions in the crops and soil overlying the cemeteries. Such conditions usually occur in spring and autumn.

The fact that the original cone-shaped mounds of earth piled over the tombs have disappeared is of relatively small importance, in this method of archaeology. The mound was only a part of the total construction; of much more importance was the circular stone foundation, either cut out of the soft rock (tufa) (Fig. 6), or built of hewn blocks. Round its sides the rock was cut away, leaving it

These differences in colour will show us the definite outline of a buried tumulus as a light-toned circle. Above the surrounding deeper soil, the vegetation will grow more luxuriantly and will remain green longer than the corn or grass over the hard foundation of the tumulus-circle, where the level of the stone lies closer to the surface and thus produces an area where the vegetation becomes parched and ripe sooner (Fig. 7).

Such marks can be seen at eye-level also; but after the harvest they disappear temporarily—and no one would know that the soil was full of buried foundations! But in the autumn another distinctive type of mark may appear on fields freshly ploughed (Fig. 12), and this also can reveal the former sites of Etruscan tumuli. This takes the form of a "soil-mark" caused by the debris of a mound now levelled, which originally had been built from the sub-soil stone dug out when making the tomb chamber, etc. Such a "soil-mark" is

composed of innumerable small fragments of stone on the surface, outlining a circular white area contrasted with the chocolate-brown colour of the normal soil-surface.

In short, we can locate the positions of buried tumulus-foundations, and we can measure many of them exactly although they lie buried. Their diameters range from 30 to 100 ft.

One of the most interesting facts to emerge from this study of the air photos is that they show that it is possible to locate even the positions of buried entrance-passages (Fig. 5) which slope down to the tomb chamber under the centre of a circle! Such passage-entrances have been filled with soil for many centuries past, but because of the extra depth of soil filling them they produce differences in colour and growth in the grass or corn above them. More than 100 examples of buried entrances can be clearly seen on the air photos of the Etruscan cemeteries round Cerveteri (Figs. 3 and 5). The indication is *distinctive and definite*, and always takes the same form, i.e., a short dark line on the circumference of the light-toned circle produced by a buried tumulus-foundation.

The two most famous Etruscan cemeteries are those at Tarquinia, and Cerveteri (the Banditaccia), 42 and 20 miles north-west of Rome. At the

former, my study of air photos has mapped over 800 levelled tumuli, and at the latter at least 400. The aerial and ground photos illustrated here (Figs. 1, 3, 5, 8 and 9) will show the details. These ancient cemeteries, each more than one mile in length, are among the largest in the whole of Europe.

Other cemeteries, little known before, have been mapped in detail, for example the vast necropolis on Monte Abetone (Figs. 2, 10 and 11), south of the Etruscan city at Cerveteri; and a smaller but interesting necropolis at Colle Pantano (Fig. 13), north of Civitavecchia. Long lines of buried tumuli can be detected, giving new examples of the complete streets of tombs for which Etruscan cemeteries are famous. And the sites of the "dead cities" of Etruria have not been forgotten in this research—but that is another

story. For example, the study of air photos has mapped the roads (now buried) which led to the site of the big Etruscan and Roman city of Vulci, north of Rome.

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 1. THE GREAT ETRUSCAN CEMETERY OF TARQUINIA, ON THE MONTEROZZI: A MAP PREPARED FROM AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH DATA AND GROUND-CHECKS ON FOOT. THIS MAY BE COMPARED WITH THE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, FIGS. 8 AND 9.

In this central portion of the great cemetery, the solid black circles mark the positions of partly levelled tumulus-mounds, shown by soil-marks and the like. The stippled areas contain traces of others, but not clearly enough to be marked individually. The open circles indicate well-preserved tumuli. The letters A-J mark buried streets of tombs; the unbroken lines modern tracks or roads; the broken lines, modern field boundaries; and the zig-zag lines, the edges of slopes.

considerable detail by air photography, which for many years has been used in Britain as one of the most potent methods of archaeological discovery. It was while serving in Italy in 1943-45 that I first examined Etruria from the air, and I am very grateful to the Air Ministry for permission to reproduce here some of the photographs which I examined then. They were taken by the Royal Air Force, and they showed very important traces of tumuli, Etruscan burial mounds, of a type built between the seventh and fourth centuries B.C., which had been levelled flat by cultivation in later times. With the help of the air photos I have been able to map the exact positions of more than 2000 levelled tumuli and, during the last year or two, conclusive proofs have been obtained by excavation, etc., of the accuracy of this air photo interpretation. Since 1945 I have returned almost annually to Italy to check aerial discoveries, covering periods from Prehistory to the Middle Ages; and in the summer of 1956 I am returning again to Central Italy for a further major study of ancient sites found from the air.

The magnificent silver and gold objects from Etruscan tombs form some of the greatest treasures of the Vatican Museum and other famous collections. Of course, buried tombs, when found and opened to-day, have usually been pillaged of their most precious things centuries ago. But excavations at Cerveteri in 1952, which were concentrated on some of the levelled tumuli discovered from the air, have confirmed that important grave-goods still remained inside them. Therefore it is of the greatest importance to plan these vast cemeteries, and it is a crucial fact that air photos (if taken under correct conditions) make it possible to plan them more accurately than ever before.

But how are we to find these buried tomb-foundations? The general principles are, in fact, definite and easy to describe. A complete "buried landscape" can be made clear and obvious from



FIG. 2. THE PLATEAU OF MONTE ABETONE, FACING THE SOUTH SIDE OF CERVETERI, 20 MILES NORTH-WEST OF ROME.

The study of aerial photographs has revealed that this is one of the largest and most important cemeteries in Etruria. A map and aerial photographs of this cemetery appear in Figs. 10 and 11.

free-standing in an open space, which has become filled-up by soil. Such circular foundations, now buried-over, produce a distinctive and diagnostic mark above them, in the crops, grass, or soil.



FIG. 3. THE FAMOUS ETRUSCAN CEMETERY ON THE BANDITACCIA AT CERVETERI, SHOWN IN A MAP BASED ON THE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH, FIG. 5. THE AREA BETWEEN THE DOTTED LINES WAS EXCAVATED BEFORE THE WAR.



FIG. 5. THE AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH ON WHICH FIG. 3 WAS BASED. THE NEW DISCOVERIES FROM THE AIR LIE ABOVE AND BELOW THE BLACK ARCS. IN MANY LIGHT CIRCLES, DARK LINES (ENTRANCE PASSAGES) CAN BE SEEN.



FIG. 6. THE PROFILE OF A FAMOUS EXCAVATED TUMULUS AT CERVETERI, WITH THE MOUND RESTORED. THIS SHOWS THE CUTTING OF THE CIRCULAR FOUNDATION IN THE ROCK.

A NECROPOLIS SURVEYED BY AIR; CROP-MARKS AND SOIL-MARKS AS CLUES.



FIG. 4. A SMALL ETRUSCAN TUMULUS RECENTLY EXCAVATED BY PROFESSOR PALLOTTINO, WITH THE EARTH MOUND ABOVE IT RESTORED. THIS WAS ONE OF SEVENTY, DISCOVERED FROM THE AIR.



FIG. 7. HOW "CROP-MARKS" ARISE: SPECIMENS OF BARLEY FROM THE SAME FIELD—(LEFT) THE AVERAGE PLANT; (RIGHT) A PLANT GROWING VERY MUCH BIGGER ABOVE AN ANCIENT DITCH.

Continued.]

An important sequel to these aerial discoveries has been the use of electrical-resistivity surveying by specialist engineers of the Fondazione Lerici, of Milan and Rome. Signor C. M. Lerici has, during the last year or so, directed a series of archaeological explorations by this method, its first large-scale use in Italy. The use of such revolutionary techniques is of the maximum importance in soil so rich in antiquities as Italy's. Electrical-resistivity

surveying, which in principle is similar to mine-detecting in wartime, records the presence of buried walls and ditches, and has confirmed some of the air-photo discoveries. Plans have also been prepared for a systematic Italian air reconnaissance. There is a great scope for aerial discoveries in all the countries round the Mediterranean, on sites whose name and fame are household words, and over regions of whose early history we know little. In Syria,

[Continued overleaf.]

ARCHÆOLOGICAL EXPLORATION—THE MODERN WAY: MAPPING ETRUSCAN TOMBS BY AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH.



FIG. 8 (LEFT) AND FIG. 9 (RIGHT). AERIAL VIEWS OF ADJOINING PARTS OF THE HUGE ETRUSCAN CEMETERY AT TARGUINIA, WHICH IS ALSO PLOTTED IN FIG. 1. FIG. 9 SHOWS AN AREA ABOUT A MILE LONG, COVERED WITH A RASH OF WHITE PATCHES, WHICH ARE THE SOIL-MARK SITES OF TUMULI WHICH HAVE BEEN LEVELLED BY CULTIVATION. MOST OF THESE HAD NEVER BEEN ACCURATELY PLOTTED AND MAPPED BEFORE. ON THE LEFT OF FIG. 8 IS A MEDIAEVAL AQUEDUCT, SECONDI ARCHI.

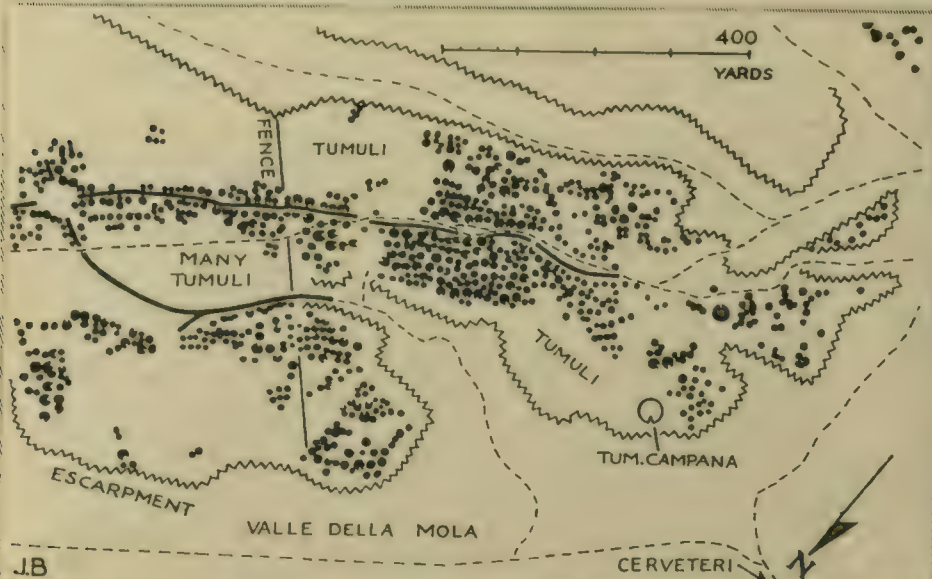


FIG. 10. A LARGE AND HITHERTO LITTLE-KNOWN ETRUSCAN CEMETERY AT MONTE ABETONE, MAPPED ON THE BASIS OF AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS. SEE FIG. 11. THE BLACK LINES INDICATE BURIED ETRUSCAN ROADS, REVEALED BY GRASS MARKS.



FIG. 11. A VERTICAL AIR-PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MONTE ABETONE CEMETERY (SEE FIGS. 2 AND 10). THE WHITE DOTS ARE TUMULI REVEALED BY "PARCH MARKS." IN ALL ABOUT 600 TOMBS HAVE BEEN REVEALED HERE IN THIS WAY.



FIG. 12. THE OUTLINE OF A TUMULUS REVEALED BY SEPTEMBER PLOUGHING AT COLLE PANTANO. THE ORIGINAL MOUND CONSISTED OF WHITE GYPSUM, AND THE FRAGMENTS STILL GLEAM IN CONTRAST WITH THE DARK SOIL AROUND.



FIG. 13. MAPPED FOR THE FIRST TIME: IN THIS SECTION OF AN ETRUSCAN CEMETERY AT COLLE PANTANO, OVER FORTY BURIAL MOUNDS ARE REVEALED BY SYMMETRICAL WHITE "SOIL MARKS."

Continued.]

Tunisia, Algeria and Libya archæologists have mapped vast areas of Roman remains in this way. Under favourable circumstances aerial mapping and discovery can telescope a lifetime of fieldwork on the ground, and can enormously enrich a nation's heritage from the past. And, of course, it follows that the need for ground-reconnaissances and excavations becomes correspondingly increased and not diminished! Recently my study of air-photos

has, for example, revealed details of the street-plan of Pæstum, near Salerno, in south Italy, and of Rhodes, in the Dodecanese islands, and also Roman field-systems in Dalmatia, France, etc. Details are given in my book "Ancient Landscapes," now in the press, and this also describes the methods used in finding the Italian prehistoric landscapes of 4000 years ago which I illustrated in *The Illustrated London News* of April 29, 1950.



REPAIRING THE RAVAGES OF WAR: ROUEN CATHEDRAL, SHORTLY TO BE REOPENED AFTER EXTENSIVE REPAIRS.

The celebrations to be held in Rouen next week mark the preservation of one of Europe's most notable and charming mediæval cities, which is also an important inland port. The reopening of the Cathedral, where only the north transept has been in use since the bombing, is a milestone in a long process of repair work. The structure was so badly damaged that a collapse was only avoided by means of chains and other artificial

supports. Now, except for some of the stained-glass, moved to safety during the war, and a new window given by the Catholics in Britain, the Cathedral is almost as it used to be. Much rebuilding and repair work has also been done in the city. The famous old buildings, except for the Palais de Justice, are now mostly restored and new buildings have been erected over the great area which was destroyed in the war.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.



REPAIRED AFTER SEVERE WAR DAMAGE AND RISING NOBLY ABOVE THE SEINE: ROUEN

Twelve years after the bombing in 1944, Rouen is beginning to look more like its old self again. Repairs to the Cathedral and the famous mediaeval parts of the town are now nearing completion. The vast area of devastation down by the Seine is being rebuilt in attractive modern style which is a

complete contrast to the old part of the town, higher up the hill. To celebrate this coming to life again of old and new Rouen, a grand festival is being held from June 19 to 25, which will also commemorate the fifth centenary of the rehabilitation of Joan of Arc, whose death took place in

CATHEDRAL, SYMBOLISING THE CITY'S REBIRTH WHICH IS NOW TO BE CELEBRATED.

the market square in Rouen. (By the rehabilitation, the French annulled their verdict of heresy which had led to the burning of Saint Joan some twenty-five years earlier.) The climax to the festival will be on June 25 when the Cathedral, which at one time was in danger of collapse from the

war damage, is reopened. There will be a Pontifical High Mass and Oratorio, and the ceremony will symbolise for the Rouennais the resurgence of their city. Throughout the summer the enchanting old buildings and the monuments of Rouen will be floodlit.

Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.

THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: SILVER, FURNITURE AND A QUIZZING GLASS.



BELIEVED TO BE THE SMALLEST OF ITS TYPE: A REGENCY RENT TABLE, WHICH IS ONLY 2 FT. 3 INS. IN DIAMETER AT THE TOP AND HAS NO FALSE DRAWERS. (Phillips and Rixson.)



A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF FURNITURE MADE IN ABOUT 1705: A QUEEN ANNE WALNUT BACHELOR CHEST WITH FOUR DRAWERS AND A TOP WHICH OPENS TO FORM A DESK. (Width, 25½ ins.) (Mallett and Son.)



TWO MAGNIFICENT PIECES OF PLATE AT THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: THE WYNDHAM EWER AND DISH. THE SILVER-GILT ROSE-WATER DISH WAS MADE IN LONDON IN 1607 AND THE EWER IN 1554. (Diameter of the dish, 18½ ins.) (How of Edinburgh.)



A CHAIR WHICH ONCE STOOD IN HOLLAND HOUSE: PAINTED STONE COLOUR AND PARCEL-GILT, IT BELONGED TO A SET DESIGNED IN 1625 BY FRANCIS CLEYN, WHO WORKED IN HOLLAND HOUSE. (S. W. Wolsey.)



PROBABLY VIENNESE OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: A SHAPED GOLD QUIZZING GLASS WITH PAINTED MINIATURE PORTRAITS SET IN BOTH SIDES. (Wartski.)



A REGENCY CIRCULAR CENTRE TABLE, OF ABOUT 1810, IN THE CHINESE TASTE: WITH FINELY FIGURED MAHOGANY AND GILT WOOD ENRICHMENTS. (Diameter, 3 ft. 8½ ins.) (Mallett and Son.)



MADE IN DUBLIN IN 1696: A WILLIAM III "MONTEITH" BOWL WITH A DETACHABLE RIM. THE ARMS ARE THOSE OF SIR JOHN COGHILL WHO WAS MASTER IN CHANCERY IN IRELAND AND DIED IN 1696. (W. H. Willson.)



A SILVER FLUTED DISH MADE BY LOUYS CUNY IN LONDON IN ABOUT 1710; WITH THE ARMS OF SIR HANS SLOANE, BENEFACTOR OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM. (How of Edinburgh.)



A SCOTTISH TANKARD MADE IN EDINBURGH IN 1707 BY DAVID MITCHELL. THE ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR AT GROSVENOR HOUSE CONTINUES UNTIL JUNE 28. (How of Edinburgh.)

Collecting antiques is no longer the pastime of a few specialists but has become immensely popular with an ever widening public. As a result there has been a remarkable increase in the last ten years in the number of antique dealers in this country. This growing interest is also reflected in the great popularity of the annual Antique Dealers' Fair, where something can be found to suit the tastes of all collectors. This year over ninety dealers are exhibiting at

the sixteenth Fair, which is being held at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, until June 28. The Fair, which Lady Eden, wife of the Prime Minister, had arranged to open on June 12, will be open daily, except Sundays, from 11 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. As exhibits are sold they are replaced by new pieces and thus there is something new to be seen every day. Though many of the pieces are immensely valuable there are also always less expensive exhibits.

A SELECTION OF IMPORTANT EXHIBITS FROM THE 1956 ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR.



AN OUTSTANDING GROUP AT THIS YEAR'S ANTIQUE DEALERS' FAIR: THREE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FIGURES OF SAINTS, CARVED IN ENGLISH OAK, FROM BRINKBURN PRIORY, NORTHUMBERLAND. (L. TO R.) ST. ANTHONY, ST. QUINTIN AND ST. DENIS. (Height of central figure, 3 ft.) (S. W. Wolsey.)



A RARE BOW CHINOISERIE GROUP INSPIRED BY A DESIGN OF JEAN ANTOINE WATTEAU. THE GODDESS KI MAO SAO IS SEATED BETWEEN TWO KNEELING FIGURES. (Height, 7 ins.) (Charles Woollett.)



AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF THE AMERICAN ARCHITECT AND ENGINEER, BENJAMIN HENRY LATROBE, PAINTED BY CARL VON BREDA, R.A., IN 1790. LATROBE WENT TO AMERICA IN 1795. (Canvas; 36 by 28 ins.) (B. T. Batsford.)



ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON: A FIFTEENTH-CENTURY CARVED WALNUT STATUE WHICH CAME FROM NORTHERN FRANCE. IT WAS PROBABLY PAINTED IN POLYCHROME AND THE DRAGON HAS AN IRON TONGUE. (Height, 3 ft.) (S. W. Wolsey.)



A FINE LIFE-SIZE ROMAN SCULPTURE OF THE HEAD OF AN AMAZON: CARVED IN RED PORPHYRY IN ABOUT THE FIRST CENTURY A.D. (Spink and Son.)



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY JADE CARVING OF A DAPPLED BROWN-AND-WHITE PONY GRAZING. (Length, 5 ins.) (S. L. Moss.)



DECORATED IN BRILLIANT FAMILLE VERTE ENAMELS: A CHINESE K'ANG HSI PORCELAIN MODEL OF A HEN. (Height, 11½ ins.) (John Sparks.)



A CHINESE CH'IENT LUNG PALE SPINACH-GREEN JADE CARVING OF A KORO AND COVER. (Height on stand, 5½ ins.) (John Sparks.)

There are nearly 100 stands at the 1956 Antique Dealers' Fair, which is to be seen in the Great Hall of Grosvenor House, Park Lane, until June 28. The Queen, the Queen Mother, who is Patron of the Fair, and other members of the Royal family have lent pieces to the Fair, which contains a great

variety of exhibits. It is a rule of the Fair that every exhibit must have been made before 1830, and each piece is examined, to ensure that it belongs to the period to which it is claimed to belong, by one of sixteen panels of experts. All the items on the dealers' stands have to be for sale.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



FOXES' IDYLL.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

OUR foxes now have a family. We have been permitted the most fleeting glimpses of the four cubs, but that was largely accidental. So far, they have not been brought above ground. It is not the arrival of the litter that excites interest so much as the subsidiary behaviour of the parents prior to the birth. The dog and the vixen have been in the same compound now for the best part of a year. Their attitude towards each other throughout most of that time has been largely impersonal, rather aloof. Each had its separate earth, at opposite corners of the compound. During the day, each tended to occupy a special part of the area at their disposal, and each had a favourite spot for the afternoon's siesta, the two being about as far apart as they could conveniently be. They played together frequently, and in this the dog almost invariably took the initiative, pulling the vixen by the scruff, an ear or a leg, in order to bully her into playing. Play at all times, and, indeed, all the contacts between the two animals, was characterised by each having the open mouth directed at the other. Above all, the dog showed his true colours at feeding-time. It was often necessary to scatter the food all over the floor of the compound if he was to be prevented from eating all of it.

Not once did we see any sign that mating was imminent, nor did we see it taking place. Two months is given as the gestation period, but it was not until a month before the cubs were born that the vixen showed any unusual behaviour. Then, one night, about an hour after nightfall, she three times cried out, each time uttering a trio of screams, more like the cries of a child in distress, or of a hedgehog caught in a trap. The next night she again screamed, in the same manner, but for a longer period; and the same on the third night. A week later, she again screamed, and continued almost throughout the night. After that, we heard nothing more from her.

Soon after the vixen first came to us, we built her an earth, with a single entrance, but she did not sleep in it until she herself had made a second opening to it—a bolthole in case of trouble. Soon after the screaming episode she was seen to be making a tunnel, which started in front of the original entrance to the earth. The compound has a continuous floor of stout wire-mesh, covered by 9 to 12 ins. of soil. Within that narrow space, she made a tunnel 3 ft. long. Then she blocked up the exit to the earth. She had, now, her sleeping chamber with its single entrance, and, immediately in front of this, the opening into a tunnel which had another opening to the surface at the other end. By now, the vixen was showing in her girth the events we should expect. She was also stripping her fur from her underparts, not only exposing the teats but also stripping fur from the legs as well.

Throughout these operations the dog and vixen still maintained their impersonal attitude towards each other, except that the dog did assist a little with the excavation of the tunnel. Because of his greed, the food was placed near the outer end of the new tunnel, in which the vixen was now spending more and more of her time. This was in the hope of defeating the greed of the dog, and I would emphasise this characteristic greed of the dog-fox because of what followed. There came the day when, the plate of food having been placed near the vixen's nesting-tunnel, the dog came forward, pressed each piece of food with the tip of his snout, in the way in which he presses food into the earth when cache-ing it, then he covered the plate with straw and left it. What happened afterwards we do not know, except that the following morning the straw had been removed and all the food eaten, under cover of darkness.

The following night, when the food was put in the compound, the dog took a piece in his front teeth and made for the outer entrance to the nesting-tunnel, uttering a low bark we had not before heard him make. The vixen came out at the mouth of the tunnel, took the food from the

dog, ate it, and then herself went to the plate. So, night after night, he continued to take food to her before himself partaking of it.

The cubs were born on May 19. For several days before and after this date the vixen came out, but rarely. On these occasions there was no

A week after the cubs were born, a small part of the roof of the nesting-tunnel fell in. The vixen was seen carrying the lumps of earth out, between her teeth, and then carrying each of the four cubs, in turn, in her mouth, into the dog's earth. He allowed her occupation of his private apartment without any sign of protest. It was noticeable also that, immediately after this change of quarters, the dog at feeding-time would take a lump of food towards the derelict tunnel, hesitate a moment at the gaping entrance, then move round by a circuitous route to where the vixen was now in residence. Sometimes he seemed to be bewildered and half-way there would hesitate, as if not sure what he was supposed to be doing, then eat the food, or cache it. This period of indecision was, however, brief.

The dog's earth, now taken over by the vixen, had also two openings, in line with each other, so that sufficient light entered to allow us to see its occupants dimly from a few feet away. We were anxious not to disturb the new mother, so we kept our distance. It was possible, even so, to see the sightless cubs, with their rounded muzzles and short tails, looking very un-foxlike. We could also see the vixen lift each in turn with her mouth and place them in position, so that when she lay down, or turned round in the earth, she neither injured them nor denied them the protection of her own body. Careful as we were, however, even this intrusion was too much for her, and in a short time, while nobody was looking, she transferred her litter to a third earth. This was the one the dog had dug for himself when first placed in the compound. It was quite impossible to see into this one.



MORE SLENDER IN BUILD BUT WITH A FINER BRUSH THAN THE DOG-FOX: MAXINE, THE VIXEN, SHOWING EVEN IN THIS STATUESQUE POSE THE GENTLER AIR OF THE FEMALE.

Photograph by Neave Parker.



IN THEIR COMPOUND: A CHARACTERISTIC GROUPING OF DOG-FOX AND VIXEN, THE DOG SITTING OVER THE FOOD-DISH, AND BOTH SOMEWHAT ALOOF IN THEIR ATTITUDE TOWARDS EACH OTHER.

Photograph by Jane Burton.

rough playing. Instead, it was now the vixen who the more readily approached the dog. She would go quietly up to him, as he was sitting on his haunches, and she would sit beside him closely, in the same attitude. From time to time they would turn their muzzles together so that the tips only met, and each in turn would gently lick the other's lips. The whole action had a marked air of gentleness and devotion.

The most significant feature of this; for me, was the complete change in the behaviour of the dog. *Foxie*, true to his kind, is selfish to a degree, especially in the matter of food. When the needs of *Maxine*, the vixen, required it, however, there came about a complete change in behaviour. Clearly, it was reciprocated in the vixen; or it may have been that it was changes in her that first affected him. We know little of the subtleties involved.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK.



TO COMMAND CYPRUS POLICE : LIEUT.-COLONEL G. C. WHITE.
Lieut.-Colonel G. C. White, Chief Constable of Warwickshire, who is forty-three, has been appointed to command the police force in Cyprus. The force is being expanded and Sir John Harding, the Governor, has said close liaison between the forces in England and in Cyprus is necessary. The present commander is Commissioner G. H. Robins, who is a Colonial police officer.



FORMER G.O.C., MALTA : THE LATE MAJ.-GEN. REVELL-SMITH.
Major-General W. R. Revell-Smith, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., A.M., formerly General Officer Commanding Troops in Malta, died suddenly at his home in London on June 4 at the age of 61. He started his career in the wool trade, but after the First World War, in which he had a distinguished record, he stayed in the Army, winning the D.S.O. at Dunkirk.



KILLED IN CYPRUS : MR. THOMAS A. MYLREA.
Mr. Thomas A. Mylrea, a British schoolteacher, was shot and killed by terrorists in Limassol on June 7. Mr. Mylrea was shot from behind as he alighted from a taxi. Before collapsing he fired a shot at his attackers. The Turkish-Cypriot taxi-driver was wounded but was able to drive to a police station for help.



SINGAPORE'S NEW CHIEF MINISTER : MR. LIM YEW HOCK.

Following the resignation of Mr. Marshall a new Government has been formed in Singapore, with Mr. Lim Yew Hock as Chief Minister, and retaining the Ministry of Labour and Welfare. The aim of the new Government is to create a non-Communist democratic front which can negotiate again with the Colonial Office on the Colony's constitutional future.



A FAMOUS HEADMASTER : THE LATE MR. J. H. BRUCE LOCKHART.
Mr. J. H. Bruce Lockhart died in London on June 4, at the age of sixty-seven. He was headmaster of Sedburgh, his old school, from 1937-54, and played both Rugby and cricket for Scotland. After leaving Cambridge he went to Rugby as an assistant master, returning after war service. He was headmaster of a prep. school from 1930-36.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



TO SUCCEED LORD CHERWELL : PROFESSOR SIR FRANCIS SIMON.
Sir Francis Simon, F.R.S., Professor of Thermodynamics at Oxford since 1949, is to succeed Lord Cherwell, F.R.S., as Dr. Lee's Professor of Experimental Philosophy, on October 1. He will become head of the Clarendon Laboratory, where he has been closely associated with Lord Cherwell. Sir Francis left Germany upon the advent of Hitler in 1933.



AFTER DEFEATING THEIR U.S. OPPONENTS : THE BRITISH CURTIS CUP TEAM, WHOSE VICTORY IS THE SECOND BRITISH WIN SINCE 1932.

The members of the successful British Isles Curtis Cup team are, from left to right, Miss Veronica Anstey, Mrs. Ann Howard, Miss Angela Ward, Miss Elizabeth Price, Mrs. Frances Smith, Mrs. Zara Bolton (captain), Miss Philomena Garvey, Miss Janette Robertson and Mrs. Jessie Valentine. The victory, the second in the last four years, gives cause for confidence in the future.



A WELL-KNOWN FRENCH PAINTER : MLE. MARIE LAURENCIN, AN ARTIST OF GREAT CHARM AND FEELING IN LINE AND COLOUR.

The death is reported of Mlle. Marie Laurencin, in Paris, on June 9 at the age of seventy. Although acquainted with Cubist and Fauve artists, she did not herself truly belong to any particular school. Typical of her work are her graceful feminine figures, elongated and stylised in her own individual manner, and her colour schemes of delicate pastel shades.



TO BE C.-IN.-C., MIDDLE EAST AIR FORCE : A.M. H. L. PATCH.

Air Marshal Hubert Leonard Patch has been appointed Commander-in-Chief, Middle East Air Force, with effect from September. Air Marshal Patch, who is fifty-one, has been Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Fighter Command, since January, and had previously been Air Officer Commanding, No. 11 (Fighter) Group, since August 1953.



A FORMER SOCIALIST MINISTER : THE LATE MR. MAURICE WEBB.
The Right Hon. Maurice Webb, formerly chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party and Minister of Food in 1950-51, died at his home in Middlesex on June 10 at the age of fifty-one, following a long illness. Mr. Webb, son of a tailor, was a political journalist before becoming an M.P. for Central Bradford in 1945.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

PLAIN JANE.

By J. C. TREWIN.

LAST week it was Desdemona. This week it is Lizzie Curry. I am not saying for a moment that Lizzie will remain in theatrical history as long as Desdemona. Indeed, I feel that, after her stay in London—which should be, deservedly, a good one—and the usual repertory flutter, she will probably become a name in a cast-list in the theatrical year-books. The point I make now is that Lizzie, if we meet her in the text only, cannot be wholly persuasive. By getting us to accept the part as she does, the American actress, Geraldine Page, has won a personal success comparable with Margaret Johnston's at Stratford.

Miss Page—who acted the part on Broadway—is the second Lizzie I have met in "The Rainmaker," a comedy by an American dramatist, N. Richard Nash. A couple of months ago, when the play was on a provincial tour, I happened to see an understudy who was in the part because of the illness of the artist originally cast for it. The understudy gave what seemed to me then to be a complete performance, with a single reservation: now, I find, a most important one. Lizzie is a Plain Jane, a girl who is awkward, shy, and without confidence in herself. The "rainmaker," an obvious confidence trickster, who looks in at the farm during a dustbowl-drought that has baked the Western States, gets her to believe that she is beautiful. The rest follows naturally.

Now the actress I saw first was uncommonly attractive. We just could not agree that she was the kind of Plain Jane in urgent need of transformation. True, we accepted the fact for the purposes of the evening, and for co-operating with the author, but some of us wondered afterwards why this Lizzie had ever had any fears: long before the rainmaker's arrival she could have conquered the State. When I saw Geraldine Page at the St. Martin's Theatre a strong light shone. The comedy was transformed as well as the actress. Here was a young woman who, miraculously as it appears to me now, could blur herself, dim her personality during the earlier acts, and flower to a Lizzie transfigured at the last. Miss Page is not beautiful, but she is in the part deeply enough to believe that she is, and to make us believe it with her. That is acting, especially as we have had so much of this goose-into-swan business in the past: it takes an actress of consummate quality to get us in the mood for a dramatist's favourite trick.

Miss Page acts with a remarkable absorbed naturalness. It is all very well for a player to stare fixedly at her neighbours and pretend to be listening. If her mind is not engaged, then she will not engage our belief. But, at the St. Martin's, we know that Lizzie is listening and thinking; we know that she changes at the prompting of the rainmaker. We know that when she walks from the stage, it will be to another room in the farm-house. Complete identification with a character is not so common that we can regard it as something obvious, matter-of-course. Geraldine Page, by living Lizzie Curry before our eyes, is doing much for us and more for her author.

Her author, N. Richard Nash, has written a gentle comedy, though one would not say that he has discovered anything new. The moral is: "Believe in yourself." We are prepared to credit

much of the night, even the part of the voluble "con man" acted by Sam Wanamaker with suitable panache: a kind of Jeff Peters with the same muddled-poetic streak. Certainly I found myself going back to O. Henry, who would have enjoyed this rainmaker and his methods. It was "the gentle grafter" that observed once, in my favourite speech, "Pardner . . . this morning there was hectic gaiety afoot; and now it seems more like one of them ruined cities of Tyre and Siphon

where the lone lizard crawls on the walls of the main portcullis." Jeff would have appreciated the rainmaker and his complicated fable of Melisande to whom King Hamlet brought the golden fleece.

The special feat of this fellow Starbuck—who chose the name simply because he liked the sound of it—is to give fresh heart to neglected

promised. It failed to run. I went round citing Mr. Nash as an example of a good and unlucky dramatist, and it was then, to my horror, that he turned up again with as bad a little period comedy as I remember: a thoroughly cheap and foolish invention about the early life of Shakespeare. How the author of "The Young and Fair" could have written this, left me defeated; and it is a relief that he has turned up now with Lizzie Curry and Starbuck and the people of "The Rainmaker." Not a major play, but it will do; and it has Miss Page. Let me quote the senior New York critic, Brooks Atkinson, after her appearance in a not very happy Broadway piece three years ago: "When the drama gives her something to work with, Miss Page can break your heart, for she plays without artifice."

I am afraid that, otherwise, the West End has had some Plain Jane pieces. "Off the Mainland" (Arts) might have been written by a dramatist who had taken a course in the sterner Ugo Betti. I half-waited for Leo McKern to walk upon this prison-island in the Adriatic as a man of steel from the iron heart of a police state. He did not. Instead, the play drained off into the soggy melodrama. Artists who battled through it with credit included Ralph Michael, as a half-crazed Colonel-commandant; Constance Wake as his wife, and Robert Shaw (the author) as her

lover, the Colonel's young brother. The "Paolo and Francesca" grouping; there any resemblance ends.

We found another unlikely emotional tangle in Dulcie Gray's first play, "Love Affair" (Lyric, Hammersmith), though here the setting, an art school in Pimlico, was nearer home. Some of the incidental details are closely observed; we are grateful for Brian Oulton's fizzing enthusiasms as the French principal, and for Mervyn Blake as a stolid-romantic Scot. But the love-affair itself, between a selfish philanderer and an all too sincere grass-widow, is too contrived for Michael Denison and Dulcie Gray to overcome.

Much more exciting were "King Lear" in Harrow School Speech Room and "The Caucasian Chalk Circle" in the R.A.D.A.'s Vanbrugh Theatre. Ronald Watkins's productions of Shakespeare on an

Elizabethan stage are famous. I had never known a "Lear" production "worked" more plausibly, and, besides a performance by C. J. Carras, as the King, that would have been impressive from a professional actor, there was a Cordelia by A. N. G. Annesley that took the heart in its pride and truth.

As for "The Caucasian Chalk Circle," splendidly put on by John Fernald with a student cast of nearly a hundred, I realised that Bertolt Brecht, in his gusty parable-simplicities, is a dramatist of more quality than one would divine from the tedium of, say, "Mother Courage" and "Pantala." This folk play has much spirit and invention. In Brian Spink and Marian Diamond (kitchen-maid-heroine) I spied artists for the future. Watch for Miss Diamond: she is not a Plain Jane, and she acts.



"A YOUNG WOMAN WHO . . . COULD BLUR HERSELF, DIM HER PERSONALITY DURING THE EARLIER ACTS, AND FLOWER TO A LIZZIE TRANSFIGURED AT THE LAST": THE AMERICAN ACTRESS, GERALDINE PAGE, AS LIZZIE CURRY IN "THE RAINMAKER," WITH SAM WANAMAKER, WHO PLAYS THE TITLE ROLE.



"MISS PAGE ACTS WITH A REMARKABLE ABSORBED NATURALNESS": "THE RAINMAKER" (ST. MARTIN'S), SHOWING A SCENE FROM N. RICHARD NASH'S GENTLE COMEDY, WITH LIZZIE CURRY, THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER (GERALDINE PAGE), AND THE VOLUBLE "CON MAN" (SAM WANAMAKER).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"OFF THE MAINLAND" (Arts Theatre Club).—This more-or-less psychological melodrama is an island story, violent in action, lukewarm in recollection. (May 30.)

"THE RAINMAKER" (St. Martin's).—Geraldine Page, as the girl transformed, transforms the play. A performance to collect. (May 31.)

"LOVE AFFAIR" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Dulcie Gray is at present a better actress than dramatist, though some of the small touches in her art-academy play are likeable. (June 1.)

"KING LEAR" (Harrow School).—A triumphant production by Ronald Watkins on his Elizabethan stage. (June 1-2.)

"THE CAUCASIAN CHALK CIRCLE" (Vanbrugh).—This rambling folk-parable, very well acted by R.A.D.A. students under John Fernald's direction, is so far the best of Brecht. (June 4.)

HUNGARIAN STATE DANCE COMPANY (Palace).—A fresh and immensely exhilarating performance. (June 4.)

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" (O.U.D.S.).—A conventional enough open-air production (in the grounds of Mansfield College) that rose with the night and had a Shylock (Jeffrey Wickham) of understanding. (June 5.)

"FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY" (Apollo).—A happily resourceful revue that I will return to next week. (June 5.)

FROM HUNGARY TO LONDON: A GAY PROGRAMME OF DANCE AND SONG.



AN ADAPTATION OF THE GIPSY TRADITIONS STILL ALIVE IN HUNGARY TO-DAY: ONE OF THE GIPSY DANCES CALLED "COLLECTING CIGARETTE STUBS."



ONE OF THE VILLAGERS' DANCES FROM THE SPINNING ROOM WHERE LONG WINTER EVENINGS ARE SPENT: THE HORSE DANCE FROM "EVENING IN THE SPINNERY."



THE FINAL ITEM IN A COLOURFUL PROGRAMME: THE HUNGARIAN STATE COMPANY PERFORMING A CSARDAS FROM "WEDDING AT ECSER."

A company of 130 dancers, singers and musicians from Hungary opened a six-week season, presented by Mr. Peter Daubeny, at the Palace Theatre, London, on June 4. The Hungarian State Company of Dance, Song and Music has been recruited from the talent of many thousands of Hungarian performers and their programme is as colourful as it is gay. Some of the items in their varied and delightful programme are shown in the photographs on this page. One of the most spectacular dances is the famous "Bottle Dance" performed

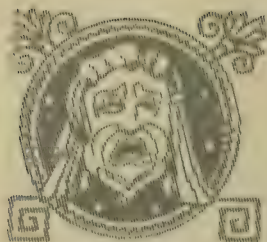


WITH FULL BOTTLES OF WINE BALANCED ON THEIR HEADS: GIRLS PERFORMING THE FAMOUS "BOTTLE DANCE"—A DISPLAY OF SKILL.



WHERE THE VILLAGERS SPEND THEIR LEISURE HOURS: "EVENING IN THE SPINNERY," WITH CHOREOGRAPHY BY MIKLOS RABAI.

by "the female soloists of the Dance Company," who go through a vigorous and difficult routine with full bottles of wine balanced on their heads. This dance has grown out of the custom, common in the south of Hungary, of girls and women carrying laden baskets balanced on their heads. The gipsy dances are seen in lively adaptations of the gipsy traditions which are happily still alive in Hungary to-day, and are accompanied by a splendid gipsy orchestra which is led by Mr. Istvan Albert.



THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

BRITISH MADE.

By ALAN DENT.

IT must have been when I was gallivanting around the United States of America nearly three years ago that Sir Arthur Grimble's broadcast talks about his career as a Civil Servant in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands—and the book

OUR CRITIC'S CHOICE.



SOME OF THE NATIVE SAMOANS WHO APPEAR IN BRITISH LION'S "PACIFIC DESTINY," WHICH WAS FILMED ALMOST ENTIRELY ON THE ISLAND OF UPOLU, IN WESTERN SAMOA.

In making his unusual choice this fortnight, Mr. Dent writes: "In a fortnight without any outstanding performance, one has no hesitation in choosing a mass performance for the prize. The native Samoans, men, women, and children—especially the children—who take so prominent a part in 'Pacific Destiny,' give far more pleasure than any single professional performer, either in this film or in the other film under review, 'It's Great to be Young.' Mr. Wolf Rilla directed 'Pacific Destiny'—which is broadly based on Sir Arthur Grimble's 'A Pattern of Islands'—almost entirely in Samoa itself, and he has very wisely allowed his native islanders to direct themselves in their own way."

entitled "A Pattern of Islands"—first caught and delighted public attention. If it was not at that time, I have no other possible excuse for having missed both the talks and the book. For now that a film comes along with these as its source and background, everybody I know or meet seems to have relished the talks and read the book, and assures me that I must have been much farther away from civilisation than America—in the desert wastes of Gobi or Greenland, for example—to have missed the pleasure given by Sir Arthur's memoirs.

It is always the reverse of a pleasure to do something in the knowledge that everybody else has already done it. It is like bringing oneself to see a popular play at its 400th and last performance. "I'll do it though it irks me," we say to ourselves when faced with such an obligation; and as soon as I have written this page I shall go to my bookseller and order "A Pattern of Islands," even though I be met with a stare of perplexity as though I should be ordering "Gone with the Wind," or anything else which is no longer a best-seller yet not old enough to have become a classic.

The real reason behind this resolve will be shame at having missed what is obviously a highly enjoyable book. It will *not*—I regret to say—be because my appetite has been sharply whetted by the film made out of it, which has been portentously and rather stupidly entitled "Pacific Destiny."

The film, in fact, is a disappointment in despite of its source, its subject, and its site (for it was filmed almost entirely on the island of Upolu, in Western Samoa). The fault is to be laid directly at the doors of its script-writers, and not imputed to the director, Wolf Rilla,

whose first major film it is, and who shows both initiative and imagination in dealing with his poorish material. There is an extraordinary casualness surrounding and enveloping everything that happens in this film. It is as

though the lethargic atmosphere and mood of the islands themselves had permeated whatever plot there may have been originally in the script as devised, and taken away its form, shape, bite, and actuality.

What happens? There is hardly anything so active as a happening. We see a resident commissioner sipping whisky and with hardly any worry in the world, except that the supplies of this necessary beverage are running short. He is very well played, so far as he goes, by Michael Hordern, and the fact that this engaging actor has made himself up to look extraordinarily like Mr. Noël Coward himself giving a performance of a mad dog of a resident commissioner, reminds us all the more poignantly that Mr. Hordern has not been given nearly enough wit to fill out the resemblance. His assistant—as doctor, or in any other office which he may be called upon to fill—is played by another clever actor, Gordon Jackson, who is not given nearly enough to do or say. And to complete the British contingent there is the new comer—

For another while he does some desultory dynamiting which achieves no obvious object except the discomposure of the resident commissioner on his verandah. For yet another while he goes swimming with his wife in shark-infested waters. (It would appear from this film that Samoan sharks make a bee-line only for Samoans and are well-trained in the avoidance of British swimmers of either sex.) And for a final while he is given the control of a neighbouring island, very nearly lands it in a tribal war, and finally restores it to tribal peace and the usual universal languor all over again.

Nothing could be more pleasing or more torpid. The blue waves beat on the palm-girt shore. The natives dance and smile. The resident commissioner helps himself to a secret flask which he keeps all to himself. The atmosphere sizzles with heat, and distant bird-song, and the thrum of the Samoan species of cicada and cicala. There is a murmur of rebellion, rapidly to be replaced with the deeper and easier murmur of peace. It is a land where it seems always afternoon, and the new arrival from England at his idle piano reminds us that the afternoon is Debussyish as well as Samoan. Occasionally a guitar twangs sullen and sleepy little tunes specially composed by James Bernard. These are admirable because they are utterly in the mood of the picture. But my favourite spot of music is a sudden outburst of the two-line chorus of "Rule, Britannia" rendered as a marching-song by a swarm of Samoan infants and in an utterly un-English and extremely funny minor key. This is delivered several times on end, but not nearly often enough for my liking. The Samoans, in short, steal the picture, or what there is of picture to steal.

In comparison with another British-made film, all the same, "Pacific Destiny" is a masterpiece of atmospheric evocativeness. This is an affair entitled "It's Great to be Young," which would, I suppose, defend itself as an unashamed romp. Were anyone to do so, I would retaliate: "Then it ought to be ashamed of itself!" For here we have that delightful comedian, John Mills, utterly wasted as a schoolmaster who teaches jazz to his

mixed class of boys and girls when he ought to be teaching history. We also have that beautiful actor, Cecil Parker, not less wasted as a headmaster who quite rightly protests at this, and yet is held up to ridicule as the epitome of pomposity. This all happens in an establishment called the Angel Hill Grammar School, which one critic has described as "another of those co-educational institutions which, it is to be hoped, never were by sea or land, the inspiration and the dream of the resolute humorist."

This film, far from amusing me, knocks the sense of humour out of me. I am nauseated by the scene in which the pupils go on strike because the jazz-maniac history-master is dismissed from the school. I am revolted by the cunning but utterly unconvincing pre-

tence that this master teaches the love of Beethoven as well as the love of be-bop (or whatever those odious and hideous rites call themselves at the moment). I do not care one hoot of a jazz-trumpet whether or not. . . . But providentially my space is at an end.



A SCENE FROM BRITISH LION'S "PACIFIC DESTINY," WHICH IS BASED ON SIR ARTHUR GRIMBLE'S MEMOIRS OF HIS EXPERIENCES AS A CIVIL SERVANT IN THE PACIFIC. THE COLONIAL SERVICE CADET, ARTHUR GRIMBLE (DENHOLM ELLIOTT), BRINGS HIS PRISONER TERALOA (AFA KALAPU) BEFORE THE RESIDENT COMMISSIONER (MICHAEL HORDERN, BACK TO CAMERA). (LONDON PREMIERE, MAY 31; ODEON, MARBLE ARCH.)

moulded on Sir Arthur himself—who is Denholm Elliott, and who arrives with his bride (Susan Stephen) and his piano. Mr. Elliott may be said to have the chief part in the film. Yet even he has astonishingly little to do or say. For a while he plays Debussy preludes on the piano.

THE VICTORIA CROSS CENTENARY; AND NEWS ITEMS FROM FOUR COUNTRIES.



RIOTING IN THE JAPANESE UPPER HOUSE: GUARDS GATHERING ROUND THE SPEAKER TO PREVENT SOCIALIST MEMBERS EJECTING HIM.
The last days of May and the first days of June were marked in Japan by fighting and rioting in the corridors of the Diet and the Chamber of the Upper House, while Socialist members tried to prevent the Speaker and Deputy Speaker of the Upper House from sitting.



AMONG THE "HORSES" OF THE FARMER OF TO-DAY: AT THE ROYAL CORNWALL SHOW, HELD THIS YEAR AT HELSTON ON JUNE 6 AND 7, WHERE A NOTABLE FEATURE WAS THE DISPLAY OF INSTRUMENTS OF MECHANISED FARMING.



MEN OF THE PARACHUTE REGIMENT INSPECTING A QUANTITY OF ARMS AND AMMUNITION CAPTURED DURING A ROUND-UP OF TERRORISTS IN CYPRUS.
A number of Eoka terrorists and quantities of arms, ammunition and explosives were captured during a sweeping combined operation carried out in the mountains of North-West Cyprus, largely by infantry, Marines, armoured troops and parachutists.



CRUSHED BY AN IMMENSE FALL OF ROCK: THE RUINS OF THE ELECTRIC POWER-STATION ON THE U.S. SIDE OF THE NIAGARA FALLS ON JUNE 7.
On the evening of June 7, three successive rock slides overwhelmed the Schoellkopf power-station. One workman was missing but forty escaped with their lives. The total damage is estimated at £35,000,000. The power-station lies about half a mile below the Falls.



GATHERING IN ENGLAND FOR THE VICTORIA CROSS CENTENARY: NINE NEW ZEALAND HOLDERS OF THE V.C. WITH (FIFTH FROM LEFT) THE N.Z. HIGH COMMISSIONER, SIR CLIFTON WEBB.

From all parts of the Commonwealth and Empire, holders of the Victoria Cross are beginning to gather for this month's celebrations of the centenary of the institution by Queen Victoria of this, the highest military award for gallantry in this country. The highlight of the



SOME OF THE FIRST PARTY OF AUSTRALIAN HOLDERS OF THE VICTORIA CROSS, WITH RELATIONS, ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT TILBURY FOR THE REVIEW BY THE QUEEN IN HYDE PARK ON JUNE 26.

celebrations is to be the review of the holders by the Queen on June 26, the anniversary of the first presentation by Queen Victoria. Second from the left in the New Zealand group is Captain C. H. Upham, one of the only three men who have won the Victoria Cross and Bar.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

IT seems that after years of deferred and dormant anticipation, an absentee novelist may suddenly burst into flower. Not long ago we had the example of Nigel Dennis, with his "Cards of Identity." Now, under how different a sky, it is "The Tree of Man," by Patrick White (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 18s.). I had almost left off wondering about this writer; and here he returns with a kind of spiritual epic, widely acclaimed as "the great Australian novel."

An epic of the greatest simplicity in outline, and rather quiet in tone; but extremely subtle and elusive in its inner being. It is not specially for those who like novels about Australia (as I do myself). *Au fond*, Australia is neither here nor there: though it is also part of the fabric, in that we see the human community growing up, along with the individual tree. When Stan Parker first lifts his axe, "more to hear the sound than for any other reason," it is "the first time anything like this has happened in that part of the bush." As an old man, he finds himself living in a city suburb. And everything seems to have come about uneventfully—as the trees grow, and the water flows. Of course there *are* events in the story. The young man marries a thin girl. Slowly, the man turns stringier, the woman sturdier. They have two children. Their locality fills up, and gets a name. The floods come to it, and then the bush-fires. In Europe there is a war, and Stan Parker goes to war. Close by, there is an ill-fated, romantic simulacrum of a stately home. A woman rides out from it on a horse, and becomes Amy Parker's unreal self. Then, at the head of the stairs, glimmering with fire, she becomes Stan's unreal woman. . . .

And there is comedy. There is the conversation of the "friend," Mrs. O'Dowd: and the enchanted scene where the two women run round and round the house, in flight from O'Dowd's chopper. I say enchanted, for it secretes magic as well as farce. None of the comic touches are mere fireworks; they are as indissolubly part of the flow as light in water. And in spite of the impressionistic detail and beauty of the flood and fire scenes, there can be only one real event—which is the vision of truth. Stan, the inarticulate, has been groping towards it all his life. At last he sees the vision; and his pale grandson will write the poem.

Nearly all cradle-to-the-grave novels, including Tolstoi's, become rather dreary. This one is exceptional.

OTHER FICTION.

"The Lord of Wensley," by Ernest Raymond (Cassell; 15s.), has a platonic purpose; it is about a poor young traitor, hanged for his adherence to the King's enemies. Michael's father keeps an admirable old pub in the Balham High Road. He was a sergeant-major in the First War, enjoyed it deeply, and has the right to be called Captain Townes. But it is Sergeant-Major Harry—jovial and full-blooded, violent and sentimental—who throws his weight about in the Lord of Wensley. He adores his boy, yet can't help shouting at him. Afterwards he is plunged in remorse—"Why am I such a vain, conceited, hot-tempered beast?"—yet can't bring himself to apologise. And the boy, a weaker though more intelligent Harry, just can't take it. He has to be in opposition. Further, he needs romance, and Balham and Tooting have none to offer. While the Fascist Party provides everything: including a stronger-minded, admired comrade, who lures him first to Germany, then on to the air. All, almost as far as he knows himself, from the most exalted motives. . . .

This is an ultra-pathetic story. Michael was wrong, of course; but he was only a young idiot, and he and his family, at the rechristened "Traitor of Tooting," have been the only victims. Their anguish may be rather long-drawn; but the insufferable yet touching Harry is so lifelike that he seems to walk off the page.

"People May Be Found," by Joanna Cannan (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), is a study in character and class-distinctions. Here the Baxters of Splasher's End are working-class, the Emmanuels *parvenus*, the Lestons gentry. The social distinctions are not moral; indeed, Mrs. Emmanuel and Sir William Leston and his sister come off worst. And they are not insuperable; Alan, the runt of the Baxter family, becomes an Oxford don, and marries his old playmate, Camilla Leston. Yet class differences exist, and can be an amusing study, like other differences. And this writer is brilliant at them. This is not one of her best stories; but she is in such command of such a dexterous and delightful talent that it makes surprisingly little odds.

"The Lord Have Mercy," by Shelley Smith (Hamish Hamilton; 11s. 6d.), is a village "comedy" of suspense, scandal and mischief-making: with special reference to the cheerful and popular Dr. Mansbridge, his cold, bored wife (who may be glamorous if you see her that way) and the poor, good girl who dotes on him. It is a big village; but everyone can keep an eye on everyone else. The wife dies suddenly; there is an open verdict, a grisly transformation of the doctor, and a grim surprise to wind up with. This story is exceptional in plan, very well written, and not too neat to be lifelike.

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

NEW LIGHT ON NAZI ATROCITIES AND ON GALLIPOLI.

ONE of the most horrifying (because so factual) books on the Germany of Hitler's Reich is "Gestapo," by Edward Crankshaw (Putnam; 21s.). It is frightening because it reveals yet again what a fantastic race of schizophrenics the Germans are. Himmler, the drab little schoolmaster, personally responsible for the murder of millions, sincerely believed right up to the end that the Allies would regard him as a suitable negotiator! As Mr. Crankshaw pertinently asks: what made mild, educated young gentlemen like Otto Ohlendorf scornfully dismiss the claims of the three other *Einsatzgruppen* (i.e., extermination squads) in Russia as boastful exaggerations—rather as a good shot might cast doubt on the bags claimed by neighbouring guns? What curious process of reasoning could have caused this same Ohlendorf to emerge from his obscurity towards the end of the war and urge Himmler to open negotiations with the Allies in order to justify the ways of the S.S.? Shortly after the war, I was able to read the Foreign Office analysis of the captured German documents dealing with the various German espionage and counter-espionage agencies. Although the author has one of the clearest pens in the Foreign Service, a picture of immense complexity and crossed wires emerged. Even those with the knowledge of German and of German affairs will find that part of Mr. Crankshaw's book in which he deals with those various organisations pretty heavy going. The fundamental fact, however, is that the Gestapo was a product of the S.S., and in its hey-day numbered some 40,000, while its head and front was the S.D., the *Sicherheitsdienst*, from whose activities those of the Gestapo cannot be separated. This is a book in which one sups full of horrors. And not least because Mr. Crankshaw proves his point, which is that a very large part of the German people was not only cognisant of what was going on, but acquiescent. Occasionally an army commander might protest; occasionally a policeman might be revolted, but even in these isolated cases, far too often the complaint was not at the fact of torture or mass murder, but at the fact that it was untidily done, or, as one Gestapo leader complained, it had not been done in a sufficiently "military manner." Indeed, Ohlendorf's adjutant, earnest young Heinz Schubert, a descendant of the great composer, gave his chief this chit. "I knew that it was of the greatest importance to Ohlendorf to have the persons who were to be shot killed in the most humane and military manner possible, because otherwise the spiritual strain (*seelische Belastung*) would have been too great for the execution squad." Even Himmler cried aloud when two Jewish women were not killed outright during the "sample" massacres at Minsk. To the German mind, tidiness was most important. The Reichs Commissioner for the Eastern Territories was moved to protest to Rosenberg as follows: "It should be possible to avoid atrocities and bury those who have been liquidated. To lock men, women and children into barns and set fire to them *does not appear to be a suitable method of disposing of partisans* (the italics are mine), even if it is desired to exterminate the population. This method is not worthy of the German cause, and damages our reputation severely." A terrifying book; terrifying because it raises the question as to whether, given suitable circumstances, the Germans might not do it again.

Mr. Alan Moorehead, one of the greatest of the war correspondents of World War II, has now brilliantly reconstructed the campaign in "Gallipoli" (Hamish Hamilton; 21s.). It must remain one of the great "ifs" of history what would have happened if the British generals on the spot had been more competent, if the authorities had been less obsessed with the Western front, if, instead of failing by the narrowest of margins, the campaign had succeeded, if Constantinople had fallen, if, therefore, Russian grain could have reached the Western allies, and Western arms could have reached Russia. Had this last happened, the Russians might not have taken the appalling hammerings their half-armed troops took from the Germans, the revolution might not have taken place, and the war might have been over in 1916. What a different world it would have been.

The Navy's part in the Dardanelles campaign was in no way inferior to the rôle of the men ashore. For those who want to know what makes the Navy "tick," I recommend a little book "Customs and Traditions of the Royal Navy," by Commander A. B. Campbell (Gale and Polden; 15s.). It is excellently done and fully illustrated.

The Anzacs, who made their name at Gallipoli, were the essence of young nationhood in arms. The ordinary reader, therefore, may be a little surprised on opening "The Oldest Manuscripts in New Zealand," by David M. Taylor (Oxford University Press; 42s.), to find that this is a description, with some fine illustrations, of the rich treasure of mediæval manuscripts possessed by one of our youngest Dominions. In fact, all the volumes here examined were produced before 1500. It is interesting to see that the mediæval scholar, if he is to regard his scholarship as complete, must clearly journey to the Antipodes.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THIS week's selected games, from three recent matches, are as different in openings, styles and moods as Bulgainin from Brabazon.

One thing they have in common. They were each over inside twenty-two moves. So another follows: they were all bright.

The first was played in a match between Switzerland and the Saar last year. In making his seventeenth move, it is fairly obvious, Black never dreamt for a moment that White would not recapture at once:

ALEKHINE'S DEFENCE

BHEND	SCHMITT	BHEND	SCHMITT
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	Kt-KB3	12. KP×P	B×P
2. P-K5	Kt-Q4	13. Kt-K4	B-K2
3. Kt-QB3	Kt×Kt	14. B-K3	P-QKt3
4. KtP×Kt	P-Q3	15. R-B3	P×P
5. P-KB4	B-B4	16. B×P	Kt-B3
6. Kt-B3	P-K3	17. R-R3	Kt×Kt?
7. P-Q4	Kt-Q2	18. Q-R5	P-KR3
8. B-Q3	B×B	19. B×KKtP!	P-B3
9. P×B	B-K2	20. P×Kt	B-B4ch
10. Castles	Castles	21. K-R1	R-B2
11. Kt-Q2	P-QB4	22. B×RP	Resigns

The next is from the annual Rugby v. Marlborough match. On move 18, White offered a draw. Black refused only because his school (Rugby) was poorly placed on the other boards (and Marlborough eventually won 3½-2½). The offer was a reasonable one in view of the bishops on opposite coloured squares—but after two moves more, White resigned!

SICILIAN DEFENCE

HEXT	SELLS	HEXT	SELLS
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-K4	P-QB4	12. P×Kt	Q-Kt3
2. Kt-KB3	P-Q3	13. Kt-K2	B-Kt5
3. Kt-B3	Kt-KB3	14. P-B3	Q-R5?
4. P-Q4	P×P	15. P-QKt3	P-K4
5. Kt×P	P-KKt3	16. K-R1	P×P
6. B-K3	B-Kt2	17. P×P	B×Kt
7. B-Q3?	Castles	18. Q×B	B×P
8. Castles	Kt-Kt5	19. Q-Kt4??	B×R
9. B-QB4	Kt×B	20. R×P	R×B
10. P×Kt	Kt-B3		Resigns
11. P-QR3	Kt×Kt?		

Lastly, beyond the Iron Curtain for a Queen's Gambit in a match between Warsaw and Lodz. Note that 13. P×P would have given Black a strong attack starting 13. . . . B-Q5!

SZYMANSKI	LITMANO-WICZ	SZYMANSKI	LITMANO-WICZ
White	Black	White	Black
1. P-Q4	P-Q4	12. Q×P	B×P
2. P-QB4	P-K3	13. KKt-K2	P×P
3. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	14. Castles(K)	B-R3
4. B-Kt5	P-B4	15. KR-Q1	B×Kt(K7)
5. BP×P	BP×P	16. R×P	B×RPch!
6. Q×P	B-K2	17. K×B	Q-Kt1ch!
7. P-K4	Kt-B3	18. K-Kt1	Q×P
8. B-Kt5	Castles	19. R-Kt1	Q-B7
9. B(QKt5)	×Kt?	20. R-Kt7?	QR-B1
10. B×Kt?	B×B	21. R-B7	Q-B8ch
11. P-K5	P-B4!	22. R-Q1	

Noting with dismay that 22. K-R2 would be answered by 22. . . . Q-B5ch and 23. . . . Q×R. After 22. . . . B×R, White resigned (for if 23. R×R then 23. . . . B-Kt5 discovering check!)

Inn-Sign Rhymes



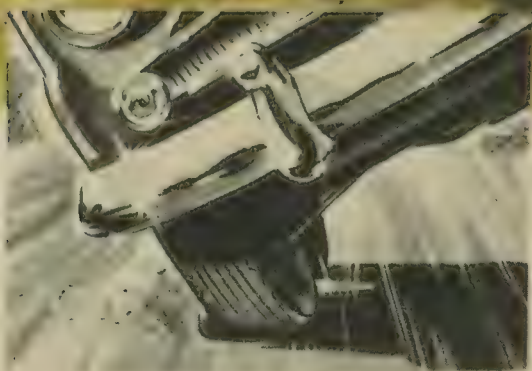
*Though not ev'ry cricketer
shapes like a Compton,
DOUBLE DIAMOND'S a wicket
he never gets stompton.*



A DOUBLE DIAMOND works wonders



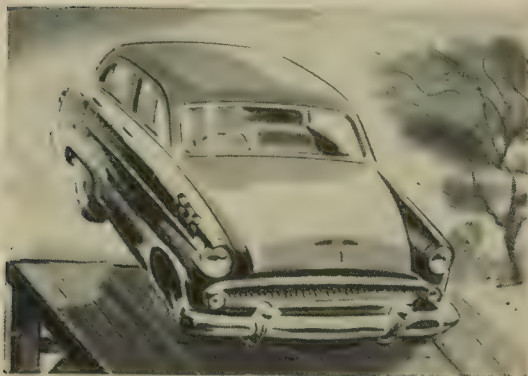
Smashing blows for Goodyear Tubeless as thrilling Motor Rodeo stunt cars plunge down from ramps with two-wheel rim-edge rolls. The result? No air loss. No damage in twenty shows.



Close up shows the punishing impact-distortion on Goodyear Tubeless.



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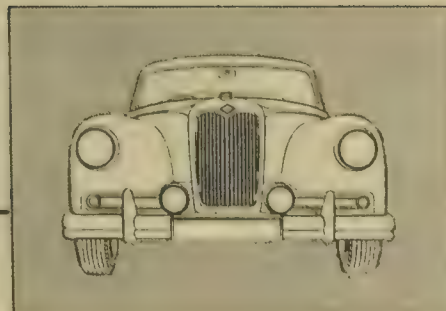
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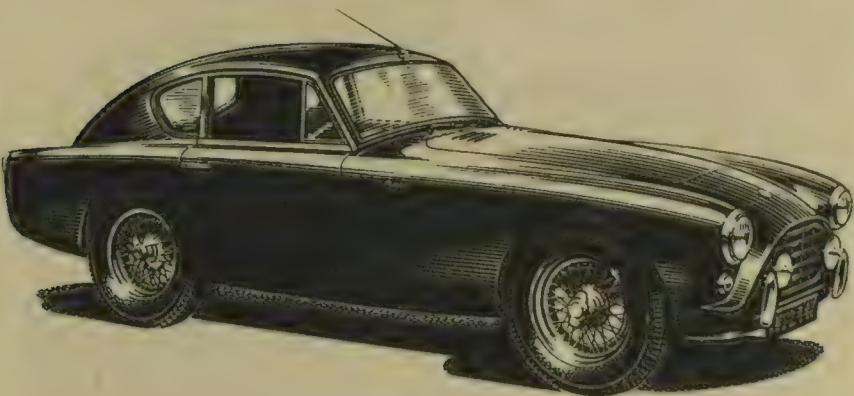
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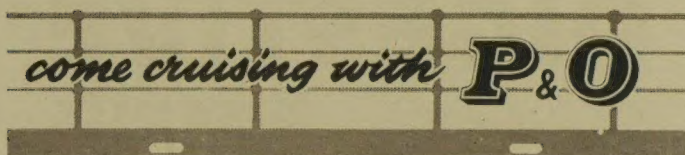
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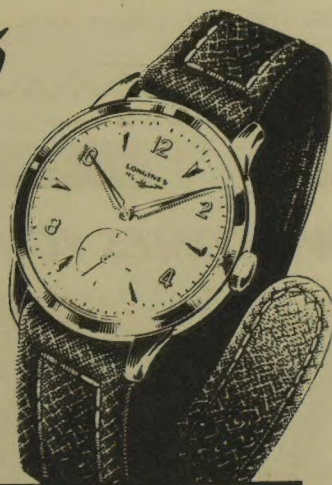
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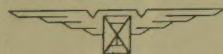
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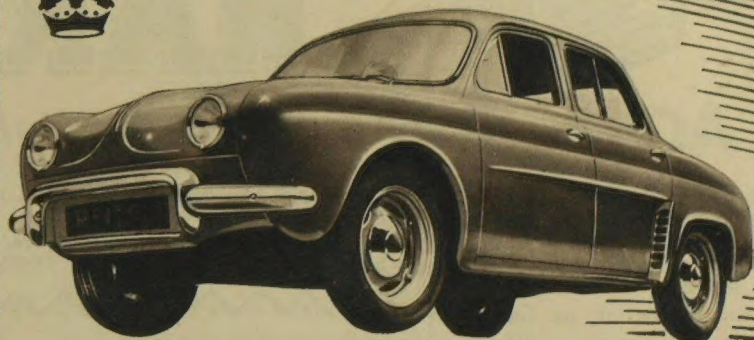


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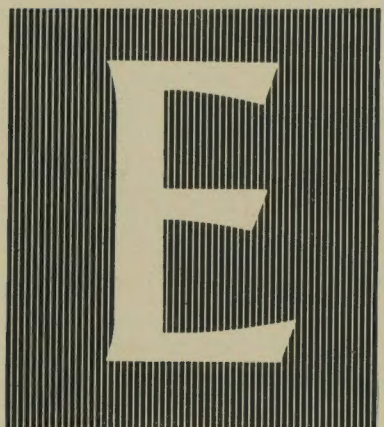
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